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The Week

AT the end of the first week, the three naval powers which are conferring at Geneva in the hope of deciding upon a further limitation of the construction of war vessels have not made any visible progress toward an agreement. They have apparently been playing for position, and it is difficult to discover whether any one of them has succeeded in obtaining an advantage over his adversaries, if adversaries they are. Another week will probably pass before they find out whether an agreement is possible, and, if so, what form it will take. The position of the United States is strong, from one point of view, and weak, from another. It is strong because the American representatives are only asking for the extension and fulfillment of the principle which underlay the agreement of 1921 and because their country can, if necessary, better afford a renewed competition in ship construction than Japan and Great Britain can. But its position is weak because, if an agreement is a matter of mutual concessions, it has not very much to concede. In our opinion, however, there is no reason to believe that the conferees will not finally reach an agreement. The British will do their best to keep an appreciably larger percentage of sea power than that which is controlled by the United States, and they will almost certainly succeed as a matter of fact, but rather than break, they will in the end yield to the American demand for an equality which theoretically should include every class of fighting vessel.

FINAL figures from the Internal Revenue Bureau covering incomes of 1925 show that, at least for the rich, it was the most prosperous year in our history thus far. The 207 persons reporting incomes of $1,000,000 or over annually exceed by one the number of similar incomes reported in 1916, when war profits were at their height. The gross income of corporations, $113,692,083,216, compares with $97,457,479,446 in 1923, the next best year. Slightly more than half of the income of the richest 207 arose from capital net gains yielded by the sale of assets held more than two years, while, as might be inferred from the enormous corporate earnings, the next largest item arose from dividends. The probabilities are, therefore, that, while the 1926 income of the rich may equal 1925 or exceed it, 1927 will show a falling off, since values of securities have not shown so great an increase recently, and not so many corporations are making large profits. It should also be noted that of the total individual income taxes, the 207 receiving $1,000,000 and over paid 9.1 percent, and the small number receiving $10,000 and over paid 95.5 percent. Only 4,171,051 persons made returns at all. This means that our main source of revenue rests upon a rather narrow base, likely to fluctuate widely with changes in business conditions. We believe in light burdens for the smaller income brackets as compared with the wealthy, and we believe in heavy rates of surtax. But we think total exemption has been extended too far, and fear that the heavy tax reductions which have been made in times of prosperity may seriously embarrass the Treasury in the future.

THE Chinese kaleidoscope has been given another shake. Last week Feng Yu-hsiang was the military mainstay of the Hankow government; today

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he is in alliance with Chiang Kai-shek and the Nanking regime. Once supposed to be a Russian sympathizer, Feng now demands that Borodin, Communist adviser to Hankow, shall return to Moscow forthwith. Shanghai observers say Feng's defection means the immediate doom of the Hankow government, which makes four immediate dooms in the past sixty days, and fixes the date of the next one as approximately July 15. Chiang Kai-shek, heartened by the alliance with Feng, has resumed his drive to the North with renewed vigor. Opposing him is the ex-brigand, Marshal Chang Tso-lin, who lacks money, supplies and morale, but possesses the magnificent title, "Generalissimo of the Forces Opposed to Bolshevism."

SACCO and Vanzetti, as our readers know, have been sentenced to die during the week beginning July 10. Governor Fuller has appointed an advisory committee to help him decide whether or not he should exercise executive clemency; but at the beginning of this week the committee had not yet met, and no time had been set for a meeting. It seems certain that the convicted men must be reprieved; yet as we go to press this action has not yet been taken, and Sacco and Vanzetti are on the point of being transferred to the death cells at Charlestown prison, one of the worst, most completely archaic, penal institutions in the country. Governor Fuller assuredly does not realize the torture he has been inflicting on these two prisoners by permitting the date of their execution to draw so near without announcing the reprieve which must be granted in any case. If he did, his conduct could only be characterized as inexcusable.

WHY should anyone object because about $200,000 was spent by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company in New York to carry on propaganda for an increased fare, and because this expense was charged up to the city, a part owner of the system, although the city was opposed to the increase? By delegating the management of the system to a private corporation, the city had made sure that its affairs would be run by an organization which would seek the utmost possible profit. If the management sought higher fares, and spent money to get them, it was only doing what every private management must be expected to do. Privately owned utilities in general probably spend a much larger proportion of their incomes in carrying on publicity for higher prices and valuations, and in seeking to establish them before commissions by means of expensive technical and legal assistance. Yet the cost of this agitation must be borne by the public, in so far as it is successful, as well as the cost of combating it through public agencies. Nobody has a right to be shocked at these facts as long as he supports private ownership in public utilities. If such costs are to be avoided, the only recourse is to turn to public ownership and operation.

WE heartily applaud the action of Governor C. C. Young of California in pardoning Miss Anita Whitney of Oakland, sentenced to a term of one to fourteen years in San Quentin penitentiary for violating the state criminal syndicalism law. Her trial, like that of Sacco and Vanzetti, came when the "Red" hysteria was at its height. Like theirs, it was marked by some extraordinary circumstances. The judge refused an adjournment when her attorney became ill, and he died a short time later. The object of the California criminal syndicalism law is to put under the ban radicals who believe in violent revolution, and Miss Whitney, as an ultra-pacifist, has always been strongly opposed to such measures. Her sin consisted in remaining a member of the California Communist party after it had taken over the platform of the national Communist party. The latter, while it was held by the United States Department of Labor to be a legal organization, endorsed the principles of the I. W. W., the group at which the California law was aimed. At Miss Whitney's trial, much was made of a certain red flag which was hung on the wall of the room where the Communists met; and it has now been proved that this "flag" was a red piano-cover, placed by a plain-clothes policeman over the American flag which already hung there.

THE California law under which Miss Whitney was sentenced has now become a dead letter; it is impossible to persuade a jury to bring in a verdict of "guilty" under it. We suggest to Governor Young that, while he is at it, he might well start a movement for its repeal. It is a vicious, un-American measure, which never should have been passed. Under it, membership in organizations holding certain beliefs is made a criminal offense, whether or not there has been any attempt to put these beliefs into practice. There was never, of course, any likelihood of a successful revolution in California, or anywhere else in the United States. The law could not have been passed except under the influence of the war hysteria; and the stigma on California's good name will not be removed until it is repealed, and the men who are now serving sentences under it are released.

RECENT months have shown once again how great is America's interest in Far Eastern affairs. This is, therefore, a particularly good time for the second meeting of the Institute of Pacific Relations, which takes place in Honolulu, July 15 to 29. As at the first meeting, two years ago, representatives of the powers which border on the Pacific will meet informally and under friendly auspices to discuss their problems. Not being officially accredited representatives of their governments, they can speak frankly, and, being under no obligation to bring in a report or pass resolutions, they can search for the truth. The only notable omission comes in the failure to have Russia represen ed t the meeting. Russia is

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a Pacific power, and one to be reckoned with. However, with this exception, the participants in the conference make a complete array, and the delegates include some very distinguished men and women. We look forward with interest to the results of their discussion.

GENERAL Leonard Wood wants to remain as Governor of the Philippines, and President Coolidge wishes to get rid of him, if we may judge by the publicity which emanated from the Summer White House in the Black Hills before and after the General's recent visit. Mr. Coolidge, no doubt, sees in Wood a political liability; his intransigent attitude toward the natives is in marked contrast to the conciliatory position of the President's own representative, Colonel Carmi Thompson, who has been mentioned as a possible successor to the General. The latter's health is notoriously bad. He has never entirely recovered from the accident in Cuba, when a chandelier fell on him; in the Philippines not long ago he was in a bad automobile smash; and on the ship coming home he fell and fractured three ribs. The New Republic, while fully recognizing General Wood's executive abilities, displayed effectively in the work he did in Cuba twenty-five years ago, believes it is urgently desirable that he should be retired from his present post. As an outspoken foe of independence, and because of his unsparing criticism of several native institutions, he has entirely lost the sympathy of the Filipinos. The legislature will not coöperate with him, nor he with it. The day for an American despot at Manila, whether benevolent or not, is past.

THE use of torture by federal prohibition agents to extort confessions from prisoners came to light last week. In court testimony it was revealed that a man who had served as chauffeur for a group of enforcement officials suspected of accepting bribes had been tied hand and foot and beaten, kicked and cursed for about six hours. A towel was twisted tightly around his head, a treatment which the official responsible for it, Major Augustus Heise, described as "a well known Chinese method of torture." Another man was also kicked and beaten, and was pushed through a window, breaking the glass. The only new fact about these pleasant little practices is that they were performed by prohibition agents. We trust the uproar which has followed the news of the prohibition officials' practice may do some good as to the habit of the police, which has occasioned no uproar whatever.

GOVERNOR Smith of New York is faced by two difficult decisions arising from the executive power of clemency. Mrs. Ruth Snyder, convicted of cooperating with her paramour in the murder of her husband, has appealed from the decision of the court. If her effort fails, as seems likely, he must decide whether a woman shall be put to death, something which has been done but thrice before in the whole history of the state. Another difficult case is that of Francesco Caruso, who, after the death of his six-year-old son Joseph, murdered the physician in attendance, Dr. Casper Pendola. Of his guilt there is no doubt; but he explains in extenuation, first, that the druggist who filled one of the doctor's prescriptions told him the drugs it contained were too strong for a small boy; and second, that when Dr. Pendola arrived, and was told the boy was dead, he made a sound which was interpreted as a chuckle by the bereaved father, who thereupon lost all control of himself. Probably many readers of the New Republic are opposed to capital punishment under any circumstances, and would unhesitatingly advise Governor Smith to commute both sentences. What would the others, who oppose the death penalty only under special circumstances, advise him to do in these two cases?

European vs. American Culture

SOME weeks ago, the New Republic published a review by Mr. Charles Beard of a book by M. André Siegfried, entitled "America Comes of Age." In this review, Mr. Beard protested tartly and shrewdly against M. Siegfried's culminating thesis, which states the difference between America and Europe as "the contrast between industrial mass production which absorbs the individual for its material conquests, as against the individual considered not merely as a means of production and progress but as an independent ego." He questioned whether the typical European can fairly be characterized as the embodiment of a morally and intellectually formative culture which the collectivistic materialism of this country denies to the typical American. Mr. Beard's "counter-citations in the interest of fairness and balance" seem to us fully justified, but he dealt only incidentally with the philosophic merit of M. Siegfried's "large and sweeping" contrast between emancipated and spiritualized manhood of Europe and materialized and enslaved manhood of America. The French critic was intoning an "ancient song" which European travelers in the United States affected long before Henry Ford and mass production were ever heard of. How much truth should a fair-minded American impute to it?

M. Siegfried elaborates and modernizes the old indictment with ingenuity and precision. "The European civilization," he insists, "did not really cross the Atlantic, for the American reawakening is not, as is generally supposed, simply a matter of degrees and dimensions; it is the creation of new conceptions. Many of the most magnificent achievements of the United States have been made possible only by sacrificing certain rights of the individ-

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ual which we, of the old world, regard as among the most precious victories of civilization. . . ." "What is absolutely new about this society is that in all its many aspects—even including idealism and religion—it is working toward the single goal of production. . . ." "Artisanship has no place in the New World, but with it have disappeared certain conceptions of mankind which we in Europe consider the very basis of civilization. . . ." "Even the humblest European sees in art an aristocratic symbol of his own personality. Modern America has no national art and does not feel the need of one. . . ." "Big profits overshadow liberty in all its forms, and the exercise of intelligence is encouraged only if it fits in with this common aim. Anyone who turns aside to dabble in research or dilettantism is regarded as almost mentally perverted. . . ." "In nothing does America more resemble Germany than in this discipline of thought. . . . Europe, where industrial mass production was initiated, hesitates, terrified by the logical consequences. Are they not incompatible with the old established civilization which so expresses her personality?" "The chief contrast between America and Europe is not so much one of geography as a fundamental difference between two epochs in the history of mankind, each with its own conception of life."

An American will feel like inquiring whether this indictment is not too unqualified and does not take too much for granted. He may admit the superficial truth of M. Siegfried's description of the United States of today. He may himself affirm that the American people have cherished, and still cherish, a conception of their national destiny which confuses social welfare and individual fulfillment with productive efficiency and popular comfort. He may even devote much of his own energy to arousing in his fellow countrymen a lively apprehension of the danger to individual self-expression which tends to result from attaching too much importance to economic success. Yet he may, at the same time, insist that it is wholly unscientific to argue as if the die were cast. The extinction of individuality in America is not as yet ratified by the Supreme Court of the Universe and recorded in the book of fate. Collective materialism, to the extent that it exists, is probably a temporary phenomenon. It has not extinguished in the hearts of the American people the spark of those intellectual and moral passions which Europeans have cherished as the flower of civilization.

From the point of view of a dissenting American, there is another explanation of the admitted facts which accounts for more of them and which forms a more promising working hypothesis. America is and has always been, culturally, a European colony. It is carrying on an experiment which originated in European brains and which seeks to fulfill, rather than to violate, European ideals. The Christian peoples of the West have never resigned themselves to the privations which most of the peoples of the East have conceived as part of the order of the universe. They have always hoped that, by virtue of a more trustworthy knowledge of the natural world and an improved control of its behavior, they could contrive some dependable way of ameliorating the common lot of mankind and of contributing to individual and social fulfillment. As the Middle Ages came to an end, there was a revival of curiosity about the world and its behavior. European adventurers, during the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were moved to discover and explore the American continent, in order to satisfy this curiosity and to demonstrate the advantages of an improved secular knowledge. They sought to obtain for themselves in the New World economic opportunities and independence and political freedom, which they could not obtain in Europe. But they were merely repeating an attempt to reconcile economic and spiritual welfare, which Catholic Christianity had at least tolerated, and which later the Protestant Christian peoples of the North frankly pursued. In this sense, the several American societies began by being, and have remained, the products of a European cultural tradition, for which the physical conditions on a new continent offered a more favorable soil and climate.

One of these societies has, however, as a result of these favorable conditions, carried the experiment of associating physical with spiritual welfare much further than it has ever been carried in Europe. The foundation of the United States as an independent republic coincided in time with the beginnings in England of the Industrial Revolution and with the beginnings in France of political emancipation. The American people were stimulated by these European examples to proceed with still more zeal and confidence to carry on their inherited task of securing for their citizens individual economic independence, physical comfort and collective economic and political efficiency. In the course of four generations, but particularly during the last fifty years, they have collected in America the largest river of mechanical energy which has ever been discharged through a single channel, and they have shaped this energy into the most diversified group of mechanical appliances which has ever been placed at the disposal of a human society. Recently they have set themselves up in international politics and economics as a new center of aggressive power which, for the first time since the decline of militant Mohammedanism, is strong enough to challenge the political and economic ascendancy of its parents in Europe.

As a result of its economic expansion, American society has, of course, developed characteristics of its own which are not found to the same extent in any European society. It is organized to produce, in huge quantities and at a low price, certain standardized commodities, and this form of organization tends to confine the economic activities of millions

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of individuals within narrow limits, and to diminish their personal independence, self-confidence and initiative. Mass production notoriously brings with it the kind of dangers and evils which M. Siegfried emphasizes. They are the more serious in America because our national culture has consistently tried to glorify individualism but to discourage individuality. It is doubtful whether human beings who have created this vast and complicated mechanism will free themselves from bondage to it. At times, it looks as if their moral and intellectual life were destined to become a sentimental, feverish and distracting compensation for the arid specialism of their work. But, while admitting all of this, we are not obliged to accept M. Siegfried's conclusions. For if mass production and the god-machine are destined to extinguish moral and intellectual individuality in America, they will destroy it also in Europe. In this respect, the United States is merely developing a European suggestion. If it proves, in its present form, to be the secret of continued economic success, Europe will have to accept the demonstration, and follow in the wake of the United States. The several European countries are already trying ways and means of doing so. Mass production is an economic device of general significance which both European and Asiatic cultures will have to reckon with. It is merely the latest phase of an extremely fluid industrial revolution which is itself a product of modern naturalism.

But no one knows how far mass production in its present form will continue and, if it does continue, how human nature will react to it. In order to answer many essential questions about its real nature and about the form, if any, in which it will continue to flourish, a much longer experience of its social and psychological effects is necessary. It is still an immature experiment which is certain to wear a very different appearance fifty years hence from that which it wears today. To assume, as M. Siegfried does, that its place in American economic and social life is already established, and that he personally is capable of measuring what its effects will be and of appraising its meaning, is wholly gratuitous. His dogmatic verdict against the United States is an innocent expression on his part of the favorite delusion of Europeans that they enjoy some essential intellectual and moral superiority over Americans. It is tempting to revive this delusion at a time when European self-esteem is seeking for some consoling retort to recent American political and economic aggrandizement. Tempting, yes, but not precisely sophisticated.

Organized business in America was never more transitional than it is today. It is moving about not in one but in several directions. Some of its leading minds show tendencies toward crystallization and toward a smug self-satisfaction which, if continued, will offer the American people an exclusive choice between some form of revolution and subordination to the interests of the machine. But other leaders are exhibiting more vital tendencies of a precisely opposite kind. The conduct of big business tends to be increasingly a matter of expert administration, and, as such, it is leavened by professional standards and by the results of scientific research. M. Siegfried might appraise this tendency to develop a technique of business administration as merely another illustration of collectivism and of the suppression of individuality. If these big business organizations are to be operated only as machines which are adjusted finally in order to yield the utmost profits for their owners, this estimate might, in the end, prevail. But, obviously, they are also tending to be something more and better than that. In the eyes of the people who conduct them, they perform services as well as earn profits. They are considered to possess a public function against which their performances are measured. In this respect, the administrative machine is ceasing to be automatic and is becoming self-conscious. Its operators deliberately propose to compare its achievements with the requirements of a preconceived project. As an essential means of accomplishing its purposes, they must, in some trustworthy way, watch and record its processes. Business of this kind requires on the part of the people who carry it on something of the scientist's inveterate curiosity, his experimentalism, his self-criticism of his own work, his willingness to accept the verdict of experience, and his habit of envisaging ideas as projects to be tried out, rather than as dogmas to be vindicated.

America, which has elaborated so successfully the technique of European machine industry, is, perhaps, developing a culture which is capable of humanizing the monster. This culture is, to be sure, merely a derivative from a European intellectual initiative, but, during the past generation, Americans have done much to enlarge and to realize its scope and possibilities. The traditional European culture, of which M. Siegfried is a fine example, tends to conceive the realities of human life as performances which should obey rules or dance attendance on intellectually formulated values. The experimental American culture accepts the realities of human as well as natural life as processes, rather than as conclusions or laws. In order to understand them, and, by understanding, to control them in the interest of human fulfillment, human beings can try to combine participation in the event with the utmost effort to be aware of every phase of its and their behavior. They will, in that case, act as if they can find out what they are capable of becoming only by the most inveterate, alert and methodical consciousness of their actual performances. In the past, the small sophisticated fraction of mankind have never considered it necessary to attend to and account for what they were doing. They were too much preoccupied in forcing their activities into the molds of preconceived values. But,

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in so far as these activities are economic and social, the mind of America in its emancipated expression is more systematically and humbly watchful and circumspect than the mind of any other country; and it is bound in the long run to try out whether a similarly systematic awareness may not help them to discover something new about their individual moral possibilities. However that may be, it is laboring with particular zeal to watch and to account for and so to control those economic processes which, in M. Siegfried's opinion, are destroying American moral and intellectual individuality. This attempt, if it is continued, is likely, in our opinion, not only to protect human beings in America from the utter damnation to which they are condemned by our French critic, but it may eventually make for a more complete development of a harmonious and complete religious manhood than the older, arrogantly intellectual European and American cultures would permit.

A Capitalist Utopia

SOCIALISM is in the habit of challenging capitalism; but Dr. Benjamin M. Anderson, Jr., has taken the offensive by offering a challenge to socialism in behalf of capitalism, through an address at the Bankers Club of New York. Dr. Anderson, being a prominent and learned economist, with not only an academic training but a touch of practical experience through his position as economist of the Chase National Bank, is well fitted for the job. Though there is nothing new in his thesis, it is one of the ablest brief statements of the conventional position that we have seen.

You propose, he said in effect, to do away with private property in land and capital, with competition, profits, and with the play of these forces in the markets, which at present fixes prices and production. You propose to substitute central planning and control for the complex of forces characteristic of free private enterprise. Yet no brain exists capable of visualizing the industrial situation as a whole, and managing it for the general good. So vast and intricate a structure as modern industrial civilization cannot, in practice, be so controlled without ruining it.

You yourselves, he went on, have no plan that would pass muster for attending to even the most important details of regulating the amount and kinds of production, and the exchange values of goods. Though strong in criticism, you are exceedingly weak in constructive thought. When the German and other continental Socialists had achieved political power, they wisely withdrew from the project of establishing socialism, because they did not know how to do it, and left the task of reconstruction to the capitalist forces of private enterprise. Russia rushed in where these angels feared to tread, but only with disastrous results, until, as Lenin himself admitted, she introduced those features of capitalism associated with the "new economic policy." Even yet, Russia is suffering severely from lack of sufficient capital, and what capital she does get demands extremely high returns. More freedom still must be allowed to capitalism before Russian production and exchange can be satisfactory.

Guild socialism, said Dr. Anderson, involves less centralization, but substitutes therefor a series of monopolistic industrial groups, each of which would want to sell high and buy low, and which would have no means of resolving their conflicts except by debate or superior force. The type of British socialism represented by Ramsay MacDonald adheres to centralized control, but moderates it with projects for strengthened local self-government. But, while centralized control is theoretically conceivable, it would certainly need dictatorial power; the problem created by giving it an impossible task is not solved by robbing it of authority.

These comments may be historically unfair as applied to Germany and Russia. We are far from believing that Socialism has ever had a fair trial. Yet there is a good deal of point in them. The point applies especially to those who have taken it for granted that, because profit and competition involve trouble, a simple abolition of both would remedy all economic ills. It applies even more especially to those who picture as desirable a sudden accession of political control by socialists, tomorrow or next week or five years from now, irrespective of the technical and mental preparation of socialists to exercise control, and irrespective of the amenability to salutary control of the institutions taken over.

Yet Dr. Anderson appears to be guilty of much the same fault of which he accuses the socialists. Though strong in criticism of their position, he is weak in constructing his own. For his description of capitalism sounds more like a quotation from a textbook of twenty-five years ago than it does like a realistic picture derived from first-hand observation of the economic order which actually exists. The essential job of industrial society, he says, is "putting the proper amounts of labor and capital in different industries, producing goods of the right kinds, in the right amounts, and at the right times, keeping the proper coördination between production and consumption." We agree. But we do not agree that "capitalism . . . does this without central planning, through the automatic working of markets. If there is a scarcity of a given commodity, prices rise, and labor and capital flow into the industry producing it; and if there is excess of a different commodity, prices fall, and labor and capital flow away from the industry that produces it."

There is a scarcity of good housing for the majority of city dwellers with low incomes, and has been, throughout the memory of living men. Yet capital does not flow into it. There is an excess

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production of coal, which, the experts on the subject agree, cannot be remedied by the market forces under unlimited competition; centralized control is necessary, through some degree either of private or of public monopoly. Competitive extraction of oil has produced an uncontrollable surplus accompanied by scandalous waste of natural resources; the oil companies are at this moment engaged in an apparently unsuccessful attempt to diminish it through non-competitive agreements. In agriculture, we see an almost perfectly competitive regime, under which there is no such thing as prompt adjustment of demand and supply, stability of prices, or desirable economic status for the producers. Railroads, under unlimited competition and lack of centralized regulation, injured themselves and the community so much that governmental control of rates, capital issues, accounting and other essential practices of the industry had to be established. Workmen, business men, farmers and others have for generations been striving to limit the "natural" and "automatic" economic processes, of which Dr. Anderson speaks so eulogistically, by political measures such as the tariff, by banking reform, by combination, by patent monopoly, by markets controlled through advertising and salesmanship, and by every other conceivable means. Almost no one, in practice, doubts the benefit of economic control; the most heated controversies arise over the question as to whose interest should be served by the control.

Economists following Dr. Anderson's line used to say that socialist control of production and prices would have to rest on an enormous array of information about these matters, which it would be impracticable to collect. Yet the existing order has felt the need of, and has developed, an array of current statistical information rarely conceived of by these former critics of socialism. You can turn to records of the Department of Commerce or of the Federal Reserve Banks and find voluminous series of figures extending back over a number of years and almost up to date, on the production of shoes, automobiles, steel billets and most other important commodities, on stocks of goods on hand, on prices of most important classes of commodities, on sales at wholesale and at retail, on wages and employment. These figures are not collected and published for fun. They are thought to be of use to persons trying to lay plans with respect to fixing production schedules and influencing prices. To persons, in other words, attempting to exercise some measure of intelligent control instead of relying on the "automatic" reactions of the market.

Traditional defenders of capitalism like to speak of the present order as a great democracy of consumers: the consumers compare prices and qualities, decide on the relative or "marginal" utility of the various articles offered for sale, buy what they want most, and so, by giving a profit to the manufacturers and sellers of what they desire, direct the currents of production and trade. This theory attributes as much knowledge and capacity to the ordinary consumer's brain as Dr. Anderson says the socialists attribute to the executives of their ideal society. What consumer, faced with a thousand competitive appeals to his purse, his sales resistance belabored with every device known to the psychology of advertising, without the technical knowledge or the time necessary to test relative values or even to compare prices on identical articles, is competent to buy the best, the cheapest, and what he really wants most? Yet the choice of the consumer is the ultimate force behind the "automatic" processes of the markets. The consumer, like everyone else, needs a more intelligent control of economic processes by means of information and collective pressure applied through the technically competent.

The beneficent capitalism which Dr. Anderson pictures as being automatically regulated by the blind play of unenlightened forces is as mythical as any socialist utopia. It does not exist. The forces do not play blindly, and, in so far as they do so, the results are not prompt and salutary. Those who would attempt to create it are as visionary and as ignorant of practice as any soap-box orator. The challenge uttered by Dr. Anderson applies not only to socialists but to capitalists, to consumers and to everyone else. We have an economic order which corresponds little more closely with the idealized picture of capitalism than it does with the abstractions of socialists. To compare ideal socialism with ideal capitalism is a fruitless opposition of impossible absolutes. Our job is to bring under control, as rapidly as we may, to the best of our ability and to the best interests of all, the amorphous and imperfect regime which exists. Nobody knows what the result of the tendency to extend control will be. It may be socialism; it may be capitalism; it may be something different, to which neither of these vague words aptly applies. But it is as silly to assume that "free enterprise" in all its imaginary glory is a substitute for intelligent control of economic life as it is to assume that at this moment any one brain would be capable of ordering the whole of industrial society.

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Civil War in Mexico

How It Strikes an Observer

I

IN San Pedro Tlaquepaque, a chicken sells for five cents. Tlaquepaque, a rambling elm-shaded town of Jalisco, Mexico, has been famous for centuries for its artistic pottery and figurines. Today it is infamously overrun with refugees from the combat zones of the so-called Catholic war being waged throughout the countryside.

Here, all one afternoon, I sat at the round blue tables under the plaza arcades, trying *tequila* and other native drinks, and listening to the wailing *mariache* orchestras. A stream of homeless ones from the disturbed region known as Los Altos assaulted me to purchase at any price their meager salvaged belongings—chickens, jewelry, lace, clothing. And so in Tlaquepaque a chicken, carted a hundred kilometers, squawking over a poor peasant's shoulder or on the back of a burro, is sacrificed for five *centavos;* a pig is worth a dollar.

In any of the main towns it is the same: hundreds of penniless refugees, squatting in the lee of adobe walls, under gunny-sack awnings, in lean-tos of flattened Standard Oil cans; in Yurécuaro, La Barca, Ocotlán, Aguas Calientes, Irapuato. Emergency charity commissions, Chamber of Commerce welfare workers, town administrations, are busy distributing food, providing emergency lodgings in public patios, attempting to stem epidemics.

In Guadalajara, capital of Jalisco, (this being larger, the second city of the republic,) the influx is not so noticeable. The other day, though, I talked with a highland rancher, who was driving eight head of cattle through the Colonia Reforma. His skin-tight gray trousers, leather jacket and wide sombrero were dust-covered; his sinewy face was streaked with sweat and grime; his eyes were two black holes in his hollow face.

"I've come from a ranch a hundred kilometers up near Yagos on the Rio Verde, I, my wife, and two children, one only seven, all the way on foot." He pointed to his cattle. "All I have left in the world, and they're as thin as shoe-leather now; my crops lost, my house burned."

He told me the story of a friend in a near-by town, owner of the local store and other properties. He had incurred the displeasure of the local "general." In the night his door had been painted with the slogan "Viva Cristo Rey." In the morning a platoon of soldiers led him off to the guard-house; he was denounced as a rebel Catholic and robbed of everything in the world. "They didn't leave him a calabash seed, and he sits all day on a hot stone in Aguas Calientes with his head in his hands. His wife sells lemonade."

For this desolation and exodus, the militarists and irresponsible bandits, not the Catholics, are to blame. Jalisco, the richest agricultural state in the union, is being swept by a plague of rebels and militarists, the country stripped as after a swarm of locusts. As in Russia in 1919, when both Red Guards and White Guards robbed and killed the *moujiks,* so the Mexican *peón* and rancher is suffering—especially in Los Altos.

Los Altos is a region comprising about eight thousand square miles, nearly a fifth of the state, with a population estimated variously at from forty to a hundred thousand inhabitants, with crops, ready to harvest, valued at nearly forty million *pesos.* The Mexican army officials, taking a leaf out of the tactics of Mr. Kellogg and our Navy Department and General Weyler of Cuba, have declared this territory a "neutral zone," and have ordered everybody to concentrate in twelve named towns or be considered rebels. This action, and Calles' expulsion of every member of the episcopate he could lay his hands on, were taken in retaliation for the attack on the Mexico-Guadalajara train in which over a hundred and fifty people were slaughtered or burned alive, many wounded by dum-dum bullets and several driven insane—an attack in which priests participated as "chaplains" and gave absolution to the dying. (I personally talked with seven survivors.)

And thus the so-called religious struggle has gone on from bitterness to bitterness and from brutality to brutality, in which the innocent suffer worse than those actively engaged. A strict censorship over the press and news cables by the government now hides the serious and ugly character of recent measures. The train attack was, in turn, retaliation for the arbitrary shooting of some ten Catholic civilians in Guadalajara, including the esteemed lawyer, Anacleto González Flores, the seizure of Catholics' property, viz., the Guadalajara telephone company, and arbitrary assessments. These drastic measures have been due to the government's inability to put its finger on the motivating source of the Catholic rebellion.

Rebellion, in turn, was the answer to the retirement of the priests from churches on August 1, 1926, a retirement accompanied in Guadalajara by bloodshed, forty-odd people losing their lives in the Sanctuary of the Virgin of Guadalupe, when a machine-gun came into play. The ecclesiastical "strike" was the direct result of a law requiring priest-registration. This had been preceded by the passing of a whole series of regulating laws coinci-

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dent with the overnight closing of Catholic schools, orphanages, and hospitals, in accordance with the constitution. And so the conflict traces back to the Vatican's attack upon the Mexican constitution and laws, and to the public reiteration by the episcopate, led by Archbishop Mora y del Rio, on May 5, 1926, the anniversary of the outworn Constitution of 1857, of its continued opposition to the Querétaro Constitution of 1917. The government answered with the indictment of the Archbishop, the expulsion of the papal delegate Caruana, who apparently had entered the country illegally, and a series of counter-attacks which have led to the present blind brutalities in Jalisco. The train attack was worthy of the bloody devotees of Huitzilopochtli rather than of Nuestro Señor; the military measures in Los Altos smack of the third Punic War.

Indeed, principles have become entirely subsidiary. A dislocated population now shouts "Viva Cristo Rey," because it is a ready-made slogan; the militarists and so-called Agrarians are busy keeping the country aflame, trafficking in arms, persecuting wealthier citizens, arresting Catholics on no evidence, merely to mulct them. The century-old loot instinct of the Mexican army has been revived in Jalisco and adjacent states. The new arrangement in Los Altos has become, in part, a colossal steal, in which all wealthy *hacendados,* in addition to maintaining the "Red Guard of Jalisco"—not quite amiably—have been forced to grease the palms of generals and politicians in order to buy exemption from molestation and be allowed to harvest their crops. Those without ready cash have dismantled their *haciendas,* bringing every movable object into the larger centers. Their crops will be harvested by the same "generals," whose motto is: "Heads I win; tails you lose." Such measures spell economic ruin for this wealthy area. But it is the poor people who have suffered most bitterly. They have no money to fork over, and have had to leave home and security. All they have left behind them is at the utter mercy of roving bands and looting soldiers.

II

In the Ameca train—on a spur that runs down into western Jalisco. The next siding is used by the Southern Pacific. To the rear is hitched the private car of General Arnulfo Gómez, so full of political hangers-on that it looks like a hotel. A movie man is frantically grinding away, at everything and everybody. The whole *ménage* smacks of the inflated egoism that spells a Mexican general. In the prosperous United States, what minor general would roll over the land in a private car with hundreds of attendants? In Mexico, in the name of the revolution and in behalf of the starving, ragged people sitting on backless benches in the second-class coaches, a general may swagger up and down in a rolling private palace, in a land in which railroad equipment is inadequate, and the government owes hundreds of thousands on its railway debt. I recall the magnificent row of aristocratic residences in Guadalajara, owned by General Ferreira, the Commandant who has created the neutral zone in Los Altos—also in the name of the revolution. . . .

In this part of the state, the rains have not yet begun, and the sun hangs hot and low over the parched crags. Great clouds of dust seep in through the closed car windows. After two and a half hours of choked breathing, the dilapidated hotel patio in Ameca is cool and inviting with its singing birds and climbing vines, its roses, begonias, lupines, and broad-leaved scarlet "parrot-wings."

The place is full of officers and *Agraristas,* in broad sombreros and bright sashes. They swagger in and out loaded down with cartridge belts. Aides rush to and fro, shine shoes, give hair-cuts, crack nuts for iced drinks for their superiors. Rifles are bundled in and out. At the oil-cloth covered table under the patio arcades, I am joined by a young Indian official, with stormy black eyes. This official, who proves to be inspecting the arming of the Agrarians, flings his sombrero on a bull-horn hat-rack and chooses an *icpal,* native leather chair, at the head of the table. Two Agrarian officers report. One has a gray, bulging, blind eye and a cream-gray uniform, cartridge belt, pink shirt and red silk kerchief about his neck. The other is in white linen, and his wide sombrero carries a red ribbon, insignia of the *Agraristas.* It seems armed Agrarians are now bivouacked in the leading towns. In the smaller places, picked Agrarians, to the number of eight or ten, have been secretly armed for emergencies with *carte blanche* as to the affairs of their respective communities—a sort of "devolutionized" martial law. Came next two members of the local Agrarian commission, a lanky Indian with a green sash, open pink shirt, and *huaraches* or sandals; the other carrying an embroidered leather coat with a red sleeve band over one shoulder.

"We've fifteen peasants in Ameca still without lands," they complained.

"Enlist them in the local guard," suggested the inspector in the *icpal.*

"No one gets arms unless he has a piece of land to fight for," declared the lanky Agrarista.

They talked about rebellion—fighting in practically every town around Ameca, clear to the coast and especially south toward Colima and in the Sierras of Velasco and Perote. In Tenamaxtlán, fifteen Agrarians drove off a hundred rebels.

"The rebels were fools to attack the *Agraristas.* Are any of the *hacendados* with the rebels?" asked the inspector.

The one-eyed officer shrugged. "Who knows? Most of them are away—in Guadalajara, for good and sufficient reasons. The rebels have good arms, smuggled in from the coast, I guess."

"Much planting?"

"No one is planting. Señor M—, the Span-

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iard, is the best off. His range is covered with cattle."

"Lots of cattle?" laughed the inspector, leaning back. "We'll soon get that. I'll have him denounced as a *mocho* [a rabid Catholic] next week. He can cool his heels in jail for a day or two, and in the interim the rest is up to you. . . ."

Ameca is a picturesque town. The streets ray out from the plaza like the spirals of a pin-wheel, one to the red-brick building which, in palmier days, was a hospital, but now is a cavalry barracks; another through green orchards to the river; a third dips down through doorways of Indian prostitutes; a fourth angles up to a Moorish-looking church where a tall palm-tree waves long fronds over a snow-white wall. Half a dozen ragged individuals with rifles constitute the police of the town. To maintain these, at a wage of a *peso* a day, the leading merchants are ruinously assessed a hundred pesos a month—orders of General Ferreira, Military Commandant of all Jalisco.

Twilight. The torches of the watermelon stands flick glints of gold on dusky faces. In a latticed open-air ice-cream parlor, over lemon ice flavored with cinnamon, served in a tall green tumbler, I talk with a salesman for a German drug company, who knows the region like a book.

He points across the street to a plaza bench. "Two months ago, at ten o'clock in the morning, two friends of mine from Arenguillo were sitting on that bench, arranging the lengths of the cords on the new sombreros they had just bought. At ten-thirty, they had been shot into graves in the cemetery by the Agrarian guard. I know Arenguillo well. One of the leading merchants of the town was Castro Uriarte, who was unwise enough to support the Catholic boycott. An official mob attacked his store, killing him. Everything he owned was stolen or dumped into the plaza and burned. His wife and little girl salvaged a few drugs which they have been peddling here in Ameca. The little girl saw my two friends, screamed, and rushed off to the guards. She and the mother accused them of having participated in the murder of Uriarte—probably familiar faces plus disordered fancy. On the strength of this denouncement, with no further evidence, the two men—who were responsible, innocent citizens of Arenguillo—were taken out and shot.

"It's the same everywhere. Throughout the whole country all civil restraints have broken down; human life isn't worth the snap of a finger; property belongs to the man with the gun. Every petty militarist has become an absolute tyrant, with unrestrained power over the life and happiness of everyone else. He never pays a bill, and takes what he wants from anybody. The local political struggle, the campaign for the governorship last year, was bloody and has also aggravated the situation, leaving a heritage of violence that permits murderous paying off of old scores. No one is safe; no one can travel; no one can work."

III

We were jolting along in a rattly *camión* over a dusty ox-cart road from Ameca to Cocula. I was tangled in with bales, bags, chickens, and heaps of pyjama-clad Indians, several dark women in blue *rebozos*. The sun blazed over fields of sugar-cane. Teams of plough-oxen, muzzled with rope-nets, dragged over the endless acres. The chauffeur's assistant was a grimy-faced Indian with uncombed hair and a broken straw sombrero. Nicknamed Obregón, because of having lost his left arm, nevertheless he was adept at tying knots and quick to scramble out at every creek to refill the boiling radiator.

Two miles this side of San Martín, we were stopped by a group of soldiers led by a little toad, with epaulettes and turned-up moustaches, who dumped us out, bales, bundles, vegetables, Indians and myself, upon the desolate roadside, here but a barren stretch of *palo blanco* and cactus, and commandeered the auto for transportation. The twenty-five soldiers pressed the springs flat, and the *camión* disappeared down a rocky canyon road.

Perched on bags of grain in a white-hooded ox-cart, I jogged into San Martín, a miserable little pueblo where I found luke-warm beer and red *chili con carne* in a cubbyhole "eating joint." After much skirmishing around town, I secured two decrepit mares that had been too mangy and weak to attract the attention of the militarists. Half a mile out, the horse I was riding ran around with blind staggers and collapsed. The Indian boy accompanying me gave me his, and ran along beside me, holding to my stirrup, for four hours under the hammering sun, to Cocula.

The following day, Obregón straggled across the plaza, his arms full of melons. He and the chauffeur had been dragged off fifty miles into the mountains, the tires cut to pieces and a spring broken, and they had not received a cent, even for gasoline. Once, when the engine had refused to go ("fixed on purpose"), the officer had threatened to shoot them. "But you can bet," said Obregón, "that the officer put in a big transportation expense account to the government. This is our last trip till conditions get better."

Cocula is a town of sad song, and a study in red and white: white buildings, white pyjamas of the Indians, red ponchos and the blood-red blossoms of the *tepeguaje* trees. The plaza was bursting with soldiers in various stages of inebriety: federals, *Agraristas,* "Red" State Guards, all jealous and quarreling—the rank and file as a matter of *compañerismo,* the officers over possible graft and precedence. In the afternoon occurred an open fight in the plaza. A federal had his face smashed in with the butt of a revolver. This, with an attack momentarily expected from the rebels! Ten o'clock curfew has been established: after that hour, the sentinels shoot without even the customary warn-

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ing, *"Quién vive?"* Two days later, on my way to Santa Ana, I was turned back by soldiers because of fighting in Santa Teresa, three miles from Cocula.

Subsequently, I made the trip in the company of an ex-mayor of Cocula. He was fighting desperately for life and property. The week previous he had been arrested and forced to pay graft to get released—no charges preferred. Now he was out on bail as a *sedicioso,* though he claimed to be no more Catholic than a roadside stone. "Unless I can quash the charge by seeing Zuno, the state boss, or General Ferreira, I'm lost, and all my property —everything. Already Señor A—, owner of the largest store in Cocula, dare not show his face in town, and all the rest are being systematically robbed and threatened by the authorities. They can get away with any injustice when times are like this. We have the saying in Jalisco now, 'Whoever visits the barracks headquarters comes away fleeced—if he comes away!' Law has disappeared in Jalisco. There is only the law of force, and the strongest grabs. He who resists is killed."

And thus *camiones* stop running, products no longer get to market, stores close down, fields lie idle, unemployment is created, towns are isolated and left more at the mercy of local caprice and military tyranny, economic life is disrupted, banditry increases on the highway, and the rebellion, in the name of Christ the King, feeds on the disorder and injustices falsely created by unprincipled army commanders. Local political discords, personal feuds unrestrained by ordinary civil processes, inefficient meddling in local affairs by the Center, arming of new state guards and of irresponsible pseudo-agrarians, conflicts among the jealous corps, clashing greed of politicians and militarists, plundering by the soldiers, razing of villages—all this threatens to leave Jalisco, the richest agricultural state in the republic, utterly prostrate.

The seed for future hurricanes of revolt is being sown effectively. In a vague way, the lines still remain drawn between Catholics and *hacendados* on one hand, and the government and the Agrarians on the other. But the actual outcome is the ruination of a state and the grinding of the people of the rural districts under the heel of a military situation 75 percent of which has been created by the very federal authorities supposedly fighting it. In all western Mexico, in Jalisco, Colima, Guanajuato, part of Michoacán, Nayarit, Zacatecas, and Aguas Calientes, an unstable condition has been created which, if allowed to continue, will contribute to the break-up of the army during the approaching national elections and the undermining of the notable achievements of the Calles regime. Then the condition of local injustice and disorder, in which the semblance of a fight for any known principle is rapidly disappearing, will indeed prove a menace for the peace of Mexico.

Mexico City. CARLETON BEALS.

A Note on the Death of Francis Grierson

IN the year 1869, Daniel François Esprit Auber, most French of French composers, wittiest of French wits, Director of the Conservatoire, granted an audition to a young American bearing the softly ingratiating name of Francis Grierson, who possessed the power of improvisation at the piano. Auber was then eighty-seven years young—the trite pleasantry is justified, for Auber never grew old, though, two years later, the Commune broke his heart. Born in 1782, he had been, as Grierson noted, a boy of twelve when the thud of Robespierre's reluctant head in the guillotine basket brought the Terror to a close. Grierson himself, child of the troubled year 1848, at the time of the audition had just passed his majority; and he was therefore seventy-nine years old when he died on May 31, 1927. Thus we see again how few lives it takes to span the temporal chasm from age to age. And, equally, we see again how many ages it will take for humanity to cherish the lives of its men of genius. For Francis Grierson died of poverty—of want—virtually of starvation . . . and of all places, in Los Angeles, the city of plenty.

A strange pilgrimage was his, replete with scenes which might have tempted even Hollywood. Scion of the kingly Clan MacGregor, counting among his ancestors and relatives, deceased or contemporaneous, such notables as Annie Laurie, and the founder of Harvard, and Viscount Wolseley and General B. H. Grierson of the Union army, he was born in Birkenhead, Cheshire, England; but before his first birthday his infant eyes were gazing on the measureless, billowing prairies of Illinois and the homely interior of a log-house. He grew up in a wonder-world of leather-clad and coonskin-capped hunters, pioneer farmers and their wives driven by loneliness to religious ecstasy, camp-meeting orgies, drunken thieves and bad men, earnest Abolitionists, fugitive slaves and slave-hunters, prairie-fires and sudden death. At the age of ten he listened, wide-eyed, to a debate between a little, rotund, fussy man named Stephen Douglas and a tall, angular, calm man named Abraham Lincoln. In 1861, he was a brass-buttoned page in that fantastic and incredible headquarters in St. Louis where General Frémont surrounded himself with the pomp of a dozen tsars.

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Eight years later, arriving in Paris "in the center of the rush and roar of an empire about to crumble," he sang the leading parts in a mass composed to celebrate the birthday of Napoleon the Little. And then, the audition, and Auber saying to him, "Do not study music, it would impoverish your great and unique gift," and the meeting with Dumas *père*, and the introduction to Parisian society at the salon of Mme. de Valois, and years of fame and glory and life not only among, but as one of, the great. He was amazingly, romantically handsome; his picture could have served for the hero of any novel intended to flutter hearts in fair bosoms. From salon to court was an easy step, and he found patrons in Alexander II, the Queen of Denmark, the Queen of Hanover, the King of Saxony, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, and the Infanta Eulalia. Back in Paris, there were the salons of the Princess Bonaparte, the Comtesse Diane de Beausacq, and the Duchesse de la Roche-Guyon, and the company of Verlaine and Mallarmé, Sully Prudhomme and Lamartine, Leconte de Lisle and Paul Bourget. Authorship was added to music; he returned to England and grew in reputation as an essayist and a philosopher. The War drove him at last back to America, where a few valued him; there were some recitals, some essays published, two new books. The shadows of age began to close on a man whose gifts were not such as the present day pays for highly, a man who had left his time behind him, a man who, so hating cliques and cabals that he would never even frequent cafés, had no satellites and none bound to him in *camaraderie* or obligated to pay back log-rolling debts. He went West, partly to seek health, partly because assurances were held out to him. And then—death in Los Angeles, so poor that he had to pawn a watch given him by the King of England, poor and alone except for the faithful Waldemar Tonner, his more-than-secretary who for all of forty years devoted himself utterly to Grierson and his interests.

Grierson confesses, or asserts, that he was in fact quite unable to learn to read music, much less master the rules of harmony. Skepticism occasionally questioned whether his recitals were pure improvisations, but there seemed little ground for the doubt. Certainly the music he made was his own music, nothing composed by others, nothing to be found among published *opera*. If in privacy he evolved passages later to be remembered in public, that would be only one remove from sheer improvisation, and would not make the audible result less original. But the weight of evidence is against even this supposition. He was only twenty-one when he began to astonish the world; for years thereafter he lived so constantly in the bright light of courts and salons that deception would have required almost impossible cleverness; and, most conclusively, he was accepted by the world of musicians and music-lovers for what he claimed to be. Improvisation, of course, is not uncommon; but not much improvised music can, like Grierson's, bear comparison with the masters. It has been said that his music not only partook of the characteristics of the modern German and the modern Italian schools, but that he evoked the musical soul of ancient times, the pomp and barbarism and melancholy of Egypt and Nineveh and Greece. On the one occasion when I heard him play, he passed from music that voiced the soul of modern Europe, the Europe whose cosmopolitan and introspective and somewhat weary culture also produced Chopin, to exotic melodies evocative of the Orient, whose subtlety lies just beneath the surface of bland simplicity. It was distinguished music; it held haunting suggestions; it seemed weirdly to well up from a remote interior source, or to crystallize from uncanny presences in the air. At one hearing, that was all one could say; but Arthur Farwell, who gave much study to the matter, wrote that "Francis Grierson is the most authentic and far-seeing musical personality of our time."

Improvisation being the most evanescent of all arts, it is fortunate that Francis Grierson turned to letters. It was inevitable that he should, yet he was forty-one when, in 1889, he wrote and published his first book, in French, entitled "La Revolte Idéaliste." As Grierson had never learned to play music, yet played, so he never learned to write, either in French or in English, yet wrote—like a master.

Those who know his work agree in considering him primarily a mystic. Yet expectation would be disappointed if it turned to his books for thought remote and enigmatic and aloof from the human scene, or for expression veiled and occult, or self-conscious and grandiose. He has called Lincoln a "practical mystic," and more than once he has boldly indicated common sense as an integral constituent of both high thought and art. In the essay, "Feeling and Intellect," he noted that some of the most profound aphorisms have a way of reading like platitudes. Van Wyck Brooks, who voiced the same thought in his essay on Goethe, may have caught the hint from Grierson, whom he visited in England. The landscape of Grierson's essays has no sudden peaks and no mysterious valleys. His thought is more Gothic than Hellenic, yet one seems to be walking with him in a country as gentle as the Elysian Fields, where beauty and wisdom alike abound, but where emphasis is never more violent than a gentle breeze, rippling a little the starry flowers in the meadow. Perhaps the first attention paid to Grierson in America was when Francis Hackett and Floyd Dell began, about 1910, to use brief passages from his writings in the literary section of the Chicago Evening Post—as they had previously used aphorisms from an older mystic, Joubert. Aphorisms and striking expressions can indeed be found plentifully in Grierson, yet they are easily overlooked, for the characteristic of his prose is

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utter simplicity. Many of his essays are about persons, poets and artists and the charming women whose salons made Paris delightful. Here, no less than in papers on Macbeth and Parsifal and mysticism and art and emotion, flowers of thought appear as quietly and naturally as daisies along a path. In a sense, these essays are a key to his manner and his style, for he is always urbane. He can be fancied writing calmly in a garret or a richly furnished *appartement,* but not under a tree, with "eye in a fine frenzy rolling." The melodramatic energy of a Byronic hero is not necessary in the pursuit of wisdom; "my own," said Burroughs, "will come to me." Grierson, even in the tremendous scenes of "The Valley of Shadows," never raised his voice. He wrote as he made music. He approached the piano and let inspiration flow through those matchless hands that could span an octave and a half; so he sat down and let his inspiration find its words. It is impossible to think that he ever labored over a passage. And it is not strange that Maeterlinck called him "the supreme essayist of our age," and hailed him as "my fraternal spirit," and that J. W. T. Mason noted his "subtlety of insight and immediacy of critical knowledge," and that Lafcadio Hearn used "The Celtic Temperament" as a textbook for his literary classes in far-off Japan.

Grierson's mysticism consisted in believing in the human soul and the things of the soul, eternity and the things of eternity, as simply and implicitly as a child believes in its mother or a chemist in his formulæ. He rarely mentioned God, and cared not how many angels can dance on a needle, and never pursued the soul to heaven or hell; but he was interested in its subtle correspondence with nature, and in the ways it has, through intuition, of influencing life and especially art. "Science," he says, "in our day has in a large measure skipped the alphabet of life to arrive at a vocabulary of negatives." And elsewhere, "In vain do we place scientific inventions on a level with the sentiments that spring from the heart and soul." Not that he was in any sense or degree reactionary or even conservative; he was a lively protagonist of new and progressive thought. Scornfully he likens the man whose devotion to past learning shuts his mind against new things to one who should refuse living guests in his house because all its rooms are filled with mummies. "Genius," he proclaimed, "is the capacity, not for taking pains, but for feeling young." Pedantry he rebuked in noting that "Bacon tells us how to make a garden, but gives no hint at the romance, the mystery and the meaning of flowers." Intuition, feeling, the energy that will flow through us if we hold ourselves open to it, are the forces that create art. "Emotions are the arteries through which art is infused into the intellect." "There is something miraculous in phrases compounded of imagination, energy, and precision." "All the greatest writers owe their power to the concentration of energy in feeling." "In any form of literature, imagination without deep feeling brings us into the clouds." And his distrust of thought removed from wholesome touch with life is evidenced in the amusing comment on writers who "inhabit the seventh floor of intellect—we never walk in to see them, we take a lift and go up; we visit them by a process of mechanics and metaphysics—but we are glad to get back, even by sliding down the balustrade." He said we "need suggestive writing far more than the didactic and the philosophical," and he was very humanly aware of events and people, as when he wrote that "under Louis XVI, thinking brains and empty stomachs made an end of monarchy; under Napoleon III, full stomachs and empty heads did the business," and when he declared that de Maupassant died of "a disease that might have been diagnosed as the fatty degeneration of heartlessness," and when, in a passage that may yet prove prophetic of the fate of this republic, he noted that "the first signs of national decadence are marked by indifference and egoism on the one hand, and loud professions of optimism on the other; for one-half the community is blinded by obtuseness and apathy, the other by avidity and imprudence, as if an evil enchantress had nullified, as with a magic wand, the judgment of the rulers and the understanding of the people."

"Modern Mysticism," "The Celtic Temperament" and "The Humor of the Underman," are great books. But consider a book which, as an adventure story, could make a small boy forget fishing and baseball, and dream of hunting and Indians and military prowess; which, as a picture of pioneer life, is uncanny in re-creative veracity; which, in epic description of battle and exploration, is unsurpassed by anything since Homer and Xenophon; while over all and under all and through all is a quality which made Mary Austin confess, "Often . . . I would lay it aside and weep quietly for I knew not what. It seemed to justify so much in me that went in need of justification, lifted much that had slunk into corners under the imputation of childish fancy, into the plane of vision. It was as if something, the Spirit of the Land, which I had worshiped afar off, had turned back after all these years and hailed me." Such a book is "The Valley of Shadows," one of the great books of America, and perhaps the most American of them all. Whole schools of smart young writers today are busy with the pioneer story and the frontier scene, picturesque lawlessness, maddening isolation, spiritual disease and ecstasy, the mystery and beauty of savage Indian ritual; Grierson put them all in one book, and supremely. But he did more: he penned the most profound and moving affirmation that America, this land and people, has a soul. Modern historians correctly emphasize the economic aspects of the struggle between North and South, but Grierson has vindicated the great moral impulse which also led to the terrible purgation of the Civil War. A realistic view evidences Lincoln's practical political shrewdness,

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but Grierson reminds us that he was also the embodiment of a great compassion and a great resolve. Anyone who has felt the brooding mystery of the prairie, anyone who has witnessed the awful majesty of an electric storm over the great plains, will feel these things in the pages of "The Valley of Shadows." Its theme is that something in these crude, intrepid, visionary people, and something in the broad, billowing, brooding land itself, stirred and took form in those tense days of the 1850's, finding at last its symbol and soul and leader in Lincoln, and having found him, with grim inexorability placed him at the helm of destiny.

It was the creator of such a book whom America allowed to die of want and hardship, almost within sound of the blatancies of Hollywood, where handsome acrobats and shrewd clowns and facile beauties and clever harlots bask and parade in the fabulous rewards of exalting the superficial and the meretricious. If it be said in defense, "We did not know," the answer to that is suggested by Grierson's own comparison of the agnostic to a general who would confess that he did not know anything of the strength and movements of the enemy: "It is," said Grierson, "his business to know." Was it not America's business to know Francis Grierson and how life went with him?

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Newer Currents of Thought on Parent Education

SOCIOLOGICALLY considered, one of the chief aspects of the modern world is the growing insistence that institutions shall serve human needs. Before the genesis of social institutions was understood, the emphasis was contrary: human beings were expected to adjust themselves to institutions.

Rationalization of social institutions is usually accompanied or followed by increased attention to externals. For example, when the Church came to be regarded as a social rather than a divine institution, religionists came to be preoccupied with secular functions: the Church was called upon to purify politics, to battle against vice and crime and poverty. The shift of interest was, in one sense, at least, from personal to environmental factors. People still talked about souls, but gave increasing attention to bodies.

In the case of the family, the results of rational attitudes were two-fold: (a) intense activity in the direction of household economy, and (b) a new valuation of home and family objectives in which the child was elevated to a primary position. Looking backward at these two movements—both of which are still represented as contemporary currents—it is not difficult to discover cause and effect relationships. Both the new glorification of the child and the increased attention devoted to the material aspects of the home may now be viewed as compensations for the older sanctions which rationalization had dispelled. And, from this point of view, it is not surprising that the compensatory reaction was mixed with a peculiar kind of fear, fear of family disintegration, and therefore evoked emotional responses; but it also occurred at the time when science in its applied forms was coming to enjoy extended vogue, and consequently technological resources were sought. During the latter part of the last century and early part of this one, these two currents of thought exerted a powerful influence upon American education. Courses in home economics were introduced in universities and colleges, and, latterly, in high schools and the grades, with the aim of making the business of home-making and home-management a technical affair. The central assumption of this movement, in so far as it was educationally conceived, was that adults who undertook marriage and child-rearing could no longer depend upon their instinctive natural equipment for an adequate performance of the task; they were, in fact, told that their functions were scientific, not instinctive. (The use of the plural pronoun in the above is probably unjustified, since the appeal was made only to the feminine section of family organization.) Originally, these new studies were referred to as "cooking" and "sewing" courses, but they soon expanded into full four-year curricula in which attention was given to chemistry, biology, bacteriology, sociology, psychology, etc. In the order of their development it may be said that these new departments of education gave attention to: (a) the *technology* of home-making and child-rearing, including applications of science to the attendant problems; (b) the *esthetics* of the home, including various household arts; (c) the *sociology* of the family, including also other related social problems; and (d) the *psychology* of the child and of family relations. These are, of course, crude classifications, but they may serve to indicate something of the nature and development of this phase of education. This development was obviously not uniform; in one section of the country, emphasis came to be placed upon the so-called cultural or esthetic aspects, whereas in another, household management or the technology of home-keeping became dominant. The entire movement gained impetus

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in 1914, when the federal law known as the Smith-Lever Act led to the employment of some 2,000 county home-demonstration agents. The Smith-Hughes Act of 1917 appropriated another $3,000,000 of federal funds (to be supplemented by state and local resources), one-half of which is being used for vocational home-economics training in secondary schools. It is doubtful if any specialized branch of study has ever projected itself so rapidly and extensively into our educational system. But a problem for which education is presumed to be the solution is not solved when its related subject-matter is introduced into the curriculum. Indeed, curricula have a curious habit of hardening into stereotyped forms—a habit of solidifying into the vested interests of the academic world. Are the problems of marriage, the family and the home what they were when this movement began? Have the courses of study kept pace with developments in the sciences, with changes in the modern world, and with evolving values? And has anything like a balance between the factors of human nature, society and science been maintained?

A significant conference was recently held for the purpose of confronting queries such as those mentioned above. Happily, the specialists called together met under the auspices of the Merrill-Palmer School of Detroit—an institution which has, in its short history, made notable and original excursions into these fields. Those attending were college and university presidents, deans, heads of departments and specialists in home economics, psychology, sociology, biology, education, housing, etc. The writer attended this conference, not as a delegate but rather as a participant observer. It is his present aim to indicate, in brief terms, some of the trends and inclinations revealed by the group's discussions. This cannot be achieved, obviously, without introducing personal biases and predispositions. The following summary is, then, a combined interpretation of what actually was revealed by the conference and the alignment of this material in the observer's mind.

In the first place, it appears that the so-called "age of the child" has run its course. Adults are once more beginning to make claims on their own behalf; the primary objective of the family may still be conceived to be the production of sound children, but parents are commencing to demand some benefits during the process. If sound and happy children are to be produced through the sacrifice of parents, the family will, patently, become an unbalanced institution. The passing notion, born out of a fine but misdirected sentiment, relegated parents to the function of supplying a suitable environment or background for their children. This was as inimical to decent and wholesome family life as the preceding notion, which regarded children as economic assets, as new units of labor who were at some time or other to pay back the debt owed their parents. The current trend seems to indicate that neither sacrifice nor exploitation is a fit symbol for the family process.

The structural or institutional form of the family group is disintegrating. It is probably this feature which leads many observers to fear—or to hope—that the family itself is in decay. Conceived as a structure, a form within which ordinate and subordinate units exist, the family becomes one kind of social phenomenon; conceived as a process, a set of movements or inter-relations between human beings, it becomes an event of different caliber. The clue to the structural concept of the family is some sort of law and order: the clue to the second conception, namely, that of the family as process, is some sort of expression, self-revealment, which leads to creative relationships. The structural family may take advantage of the technologies for the purpose of achieving increased orderliness and efficiency; the process-family can succeed only if it entertains, in addition, personal objectives which go deeper than mere efficiency. The clash between these two ways of conceiving the family—and therefore of conducting its affairs—will, no doubt, continue, but there is considerable promise in the fact that an increasing number of people are beginning to view the family in socio-psychological rather than legal-structural terms. Experiments of the future should help to teach us how to make of family life an exciting adventure in the dual process of self-expression and group integration, rather than a dull though efficient way of getting meals cooked, beds made and order maintained. Indeed, these apparently homely tasks may themselves take on new meaning and importance when viewed in the context of livelier values.

The older ethical configuration of the family seems to be gradually giving way to what may be termed an educational procedure. Human relationships involve emotions and intelligence. If the outlet for these two forces is confined to specified channels by *a priori* and more or less static moral rules, the result will be suppression, submission and unresolved conflict. There is but one mediating force for wasteful tensions, frictions and conflicts, namely, selves who are continuously learning more about themselves and their relations to others. And if the family is to be regarded as an evolving set of relations, family experience must somehow come to be utilized as educational experience. The application of this principle is plain in husband-wife and parent-child relationships. It should become equally plain with respect to the manner in which the family appropriates scientific information for its purposes. Merely to be taught *how* to use technical knowledge is not sufficient to lift the family and the home out of the slough of conservatism and moral confusion. Parents—and children as well—should somehow come to learn that every application of science or technology to the affairs of group living is an opportunity for education in the deep-

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est sense. Viewed in this way, the learning potentialities of family life are prodigious. And there is no other method for arriving at a suitable substitute for static ethics: the right can be discovered only by understanding the truth. In this case, understanding the truth implies recognition of individual differences in physical, emotional and intellectual equipment. It implies, further, that individual differences are to be not merely recognized, but utilized. Tensions, frictions and conflicts within an intimate family group can be translated into positive educational experience when we come to appreciate the manifold ways in which differences may be recombined, resolved into new meanings.

The emphasis dealt with in the preceding paragraph is mainly educational and psychological. It is paralleled by the biological trend. There appears to be a growing feeling that the family as a social unit or event may change considerably, but that the fundamental basis of family life, namely, its place in the on-going evolutionary process, is not likely to change greatly either in degree or extent. Back of the household and its management, back of psychology and education, and back of the esthetic impulses which surround family living, stands the biological fact of two sexes intermingling in the perpetuation of the race. This, so many insist, is the primary fact which needs to be brought fully into consciousness. In one sense, this trend represents one of the rhythms of the age-old environment-versus-heredity debate. In another sense, this discussion now goes forward within a new context. Sex has at last been lifted from the transcendent area of mystery, and placed upon the level of discussion. This is a fact of more meanings than most adults are willing to grant. Its implications reach all the way from illegal but consistently practised birth-control to a subtle kind of sublimation in which sex comes to be an almost perverted topic for casual conversation. It thus happens that the very time at which we have achieved a certain degree of frankness in matters of sex sees us also drifting toward a variety of vulgarity and impotency. However, it is still too early to prophesy in regard to what the new interpretation and use of sex will do to us and to family relations. The family is biological, and any form of education which pretends to minister toward the improvement of home, family and children will need to give increased attention to the sociological, psychological and ethical issues which flow from this fact. Unfortunately, whenever this significant fact is translated into educational terms, the old and fruitless battle over heredity and environment is revived. The result is usually over-emphasis of one or the other, without recognition of their synthetic inter-relationship. We are parts—and creative parts—in the evolutionary stream, but the direction of that stream is determined by the environmental resistances or accommodations afforded by its banks, its environment.

The above five points do not, by any means, cover the whole of the three-day conference held at the Merrill-Palmer School. Indeed, even these were not explicitly discussed but, as intimated at the outset, constitute interpretations flowing from the discussions. Taken as a whole, one important pedagogical clue is suggested by the above summary and by the conference, namely, this: education for marriage, parenthood, child-rearing and household management can no longer be adequately approached in simple terms; merely to recognize the involved problems and thereupon arrange certain academic subjects in a particular order is to misconceive the problem entirely. A proper educational procedure for dealing with the practical issues in this area will be one which begins with actual situations involved in marriage, home-management and child-rearing; from these situations the learning trail will lead outward toward the various and pertinent sciences. Only in this manner can the scientific basis of family life be fully and fruitfully understood and humanized. Moreover, such a procedure would be adaptable to non-academic education—to the education of that vast majority of adults who can keep abreast of the modern world only by utilizing educational methods which are more pliable and inventive than those found in most colleges and universities.

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN.

State of Mind

IN retreat. In full retreat. In disorderly retreat. In flight. In full flight. In disorderly flight.

He walked along the sidewalk with eyes downcast, meditating morosely. An unimportant rain pattered on his hat and shoulders, spotted his spectacles, touched here and there a cool spring on his cheeks or chin. He noticed, in a small puddle on the brick sidewalk, a rusty hairpin. Further on, he observed also a rusty buckle, lost from a golosh. Does one speak of a single golosh? Golosh and goulash. Another hairpin. Dead matches. Cigarette ends, yellow at one end and black at the other. And an empty match-box, with a picture of a ship. Some crumpled tinfoil.

One's mind was like this—a puddled sidewalk littered with such odds and ends. Or like this exposed cellar which he was now passing, whence the building had been removed: a chaos of rubbish, piles of mortar and dead bricks, plaster-covered beams, twisted pipes, a bedspring, a scarred radiator lying on its side, and at the bottom of all, a melancholy wreck of a furnace, its torn pipes gushing cold air. And the rain falling gently and impartially on it all.

What is the mind after a defeat? A battlefield covered with the dead and dying. A field incarnadined with dying images, with dead affects, whence a few wounded percepts try to crawl away to secrecy through the red grass. Heavily defeat. In disorderly retreat. After the anguish, one must find peace. After the love, one must find forgetfulness. After the idea, one must find annihilation.

If love was not reciprocated; if one's love was not under-

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stood or valued; if one could not find a convincing expression or action for one's love; then one's being is an opened horror of cellar, whence the building has been razed. One's heart is a furnace with torn pipes, exposed to the hostile infinite, the unfamiliar rain. And thus, one dies. One becomes dead. An organization disorganized.

Mud was beginning to spatter the worn toes of his shoes. And he observed spatters of mud on the white stockings of women.

How could one project, in satisfactory form, this desire for annihilation?

Not in suicide, but in imagination?

A small boy in a blue sailor suit, with a knotted silk tie, and spots of mashed potato on the blouse, and a round sailor hat on the back of his head—himself that small boy—years and years and years before——

He stared in at the shop window in Liberty Street, the toy-shop window. There were battleships of cardboard, lead soldiers slotted in rows in a cardboard box, a toy combination bank of steel, a red and yellow tin monkey, with a red cap, who depended with prayerful paws from a cord, a pile of comic valentines, an air-rifle, a box of BB shot. But there was also, in the middle, a goldfish bowl, bright in the light, filled with crystal-clear water. It was otherwise empty—moveless, still, eternal. He read, slowly, a second time, then a third, the placard. Two water-snakes had inhabited this bowl. Of a sudden, obeying a simultaneous impulse, they had begun eating each other's tails. They had thus formed a ring, which, as they devoured, became smaller. Smaller and smaller this ring of snake had become—till at last, as each snake performed the final swallow, they had both abruptly vanished. They were gone. Gone into the infinite. And here, of course, was the bowl of water to prove it.

Yes, some such action as this would now be the perfect, the appropriate action. Some such image of annihilation, the giving of form to some such concept of flight from reality—this would be a divine relief.

A nest of sodden matches in the gutter as he stepped across.

Ghosts, for example. A ghost, or sequence of ghosts, reality with each progression becoming less real. Would this be an image for what it was that he desired?

Three men sitting apart in the compartment of an English train, an English train dawdling through sleepy sunlit country. Hop-fields with multitudes of upright poles; and geometrical designs of twine, laced and interlaced, like a cat's-cradle, for the vines. Oast-houses, cowled like nuns, with their air of brooding alertness, as if they expected something from the southwest. Cottages of orange-lichened tiles, and fields of sheep.

Time hung heavy: time hung palpably: the train stopped, gently panting, for a long while at a small station, where empty milk-cans were clanked on to the asphalt platform. Except for this sound, everything was profoundly still. One of the three passengers in the smoking compartment put down his Daily Mirror and looked out of the window. He smiled a little, to himself, as if pleased with some secret cleverness of his own: then glanced amusedly at each of his fellow-passengers. The one opposite him was looking at an Ordinance Survey map. The other one, at the other side of the carriage, was staring out at the landscape.

"Now I suppose," said the smiling one, "you don't believe in ghosts?"

The man addressed in this surprising fashion lowered his map. He eyed his *vis-à-vis* suspiciously. The idea of a conversation seemed somewhat repugnant to him.

"Ghosts?" he said, raising his eyebrows rather superciliously.

"Yes, ghosts. You probably don't believe in them?"

"It all depends on what you mean by believing."

The third man turned his head sharply, uneasily, toward the two talkers, and then as sharply away again. He appeared to be annoyed. The train gently, imperceptibly, began to move from the station. The black and white sign slid past—"Ham Street."

"There's an article in this paper about ghosts. The writer says that he has seen many ghosts—hundreds of them—and that they are never, in appearance, human. Mere wisps of fog. Or the usual sort of hobgoblin thing you read about in shilling shockers. He doesn't believe there is any such thing as a *human* ghost. . . . Do you agree with him?"

The man with the map merely grunted and allowed his moving eyes to follow the moving fields and cherry orchards. His interlocutor, baffled, gave a little laugh of annoyance. But he was not so easily to be put down.

"I see that you *don't* believe in ghosts," he said.

"I didn't say I didn't," said the other.

"Ah, but I can see that you don't. . . . And the joke is, you know, that *I* am a ghost."

He delivered this statement with widening bright eyes and an air of great triumph, smiling delightedly. But, though the third passenger, at the other side of the compartment, gave a distinct start, his chosen victim remained quite impassive.

"Oh, *are* you?" answered the latter. "You have discovered that, have you?"

"Discovered?"

The "ghost" seemed a shade nonplussed by this.

"Yes. I've been wondering, all the way from Ashford, whether you had yet discovered your unreality, or how soon you would."

"My dear chap!"

"For you see, as it happens, it was I who created you; I imagined you; you only exist in my imagination. And if I should stop imagining you—as I do now—you would simply cease to exist."

The ghost disappeared at once; and the man with the map turned, smiling, to the other passenger, who had already sprung to his feet and was pulling the communication cord to stop the train.

"*You,* at any rate," he said, "will now believe in ghosts!"

This individual, badly frightened, did not look at his queer companion, did not answer, but, hurriedly opening the door, as the train came to a stop, jumped down to the flint road-bed. He saw the guard running toward him with a rolled green flag in his hand.

"Look here!" he said. "I can't ride in a compartment with ghosts!"

"Ghosts?" said the guard, peering into the compartment.

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His peer was a mere matter of form—the compartment was quite empty.

"Well, I'm damned! . . . There were two men there—and they're both gone. They *both* must have been ghosts."

He stared incredulously into the vacant compartment. The guard laughed scornfully.

"Why, that's a mere trifle," he said. "The whole thing is a ghost. The train, the passengers, the driver and myself—even the rails."

So saying, he waved his rolled green flag, and the whole thing vanished. The solitary passenger found himself alone in a rolling green meadow. There was no train—there was no track. Four sheep lay under an oak-tree. The sun was shining—the thrushes were singing—everything was marvellously peaceful. And he was totally and appallingly alone. If only he himself could disappear, he thought, the ending would be perfect! And as he thought it he vanished. . . .

And so, only the bowl of water was left.

Himself in retreat, in full retreat, in disorderly retreat, from a world of memories altogether too painful.

CONRAD AIKEN.

The Barclay-Vesey Building

THE Barclay-Vesey Building, first popularly known as the New York Telephone Building, expresses the achievements of contemporary American architecture, and discloses its limitations, better than any other skyscraper I have seen. Its achievements are remarkable; and I would have no quarrel with the praise that has been lavished on the building, were it not for the fact that the limitations laid down by the site and the problem have actually robbed the architect's design of its utmost vitality. If the architects deserve praise for their accomplishment—and they do—the clients themselves and the rest of the community must bear a little of the responsibility for the things in which the Barclay-Vesey Building manifestly fails.

One catches a glimpse of the silhouette of the Barclay-Vesey Building from Long Island City. It is not a tower; it is not fundamentally a pyramid; it is a great central mass abruptly supported by lower stories which cover the whole site. Where even the best of existing skyscrapers are tempted to imitate pyramids or bell-towers or steeples or Maya temples, it is a witness of the architects' more rigorous imagination to escape these romantic extravagances and to keep their eyes fixed steadily on their own materials and needs. The jagged outline in which the building terminates has a certain hard distinction of its own; and while one cannot easily account for the heavy buttresses that achieve this effect, since they apparently increase rather than decrease in depth as they approach the top, the effect from the distance almost justifies this topsy-turvy construction; and perhaps the architects had special reasons for building in this fashion which don't disclose themselves to a casual view.

Let us come a little closer to the building; for it is one of the few skyscrapers that will bear close inspection. When one walks along Greenwich Street from the south, the building is completely hidden until Vesey Street opens suddenly, and in the frame so produced the great structure thrusts its bulk. The scale is colossal. It is accentuated by the high vaulted arcade that lines Vesey Street, by the height of the shop windows, by the narrow street and the low old buildings that now pluck at the skirts of the newcomer like a beggar humbly acknowledging the indifferent presence of a rich dignitary. The exterior is, at first view, hard, dun, sober; in its massive refusal to be anything other than what it is, the Barclay-Vesey Building reminds me of the old Monadnock Building in Chicago. Here, in all its main lines, is our present business regime—with no nonsense about it. What a relief to have no nonsense about it! The Barclay-Vesey Building represents perhaps the very utmost in modern technical organization; one can be sure that, as with the new Medical Center at One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Street, every mechanical and financial detail has been scrutinized by a corps of expert eyes; but there is no disguising the last result of this elaborate process. It is cold and hard.

What can be done with this frigid mass of brick, glass, steel? The architects of the Medical Center group have plainly despaired of doing anything at all with it; they have simply, perhaps because funds are not inexhaustible, permitted it to speak for itself. McKenzie, Voorhees, and Gmelin, the architects of the Barclay-Vesey Building, have not been content with such drab realism; taking the r of the building as irremediably "given," they have s to modify its great sobriety by their treatment of its de and it is here, rather than in the structure itself, that I think they have achieved their real triumph.

Ornament is usually conceived as an enrichment of the structural elements: the designers in this case have treated it, bravely, as a contradiction. In the midst of the hard masses and the severe planes which belong to the structure itself, a delicate stone ornament, in low relief, creeps up, as grass and flowers might peer through the rectangular cracks of a pavement. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the designer, Mr. Walker, has turned the lower stories into a rock-garden, giving to the panels over the entrances, and to various other appropriate spots, a free naturalistic covering of birds, beasts, flowers, and children. Louis Sullivan used ornament in much the same fashion on his early skyscrapers, but not always so successfully; and although ornament so conceived has no effect in modifying the mass of the building, one may pardon it as an acknowledgment of the human impulses to which the structure as a whole is, in the nature of things, impervious.

In its interiors, the Barclay-Vesey Building wins perhaps its greatest triumph; for whereas the Shelton, for example, becomes commonplace once one steps inside the door, the Barclay-Vesey Building bursts into a gay efflorescence of remarkably good decoration. The dominating colors are a greenish-black and gold; the relief carries on in more brilliant fashion the promise of the exterior ornament; and the central lighting fixtures in the corridor, as well as the offices on the ground floor, are thoroughly modern in design. If one exclude the wishy-washy paintings on the ceiling, the Barclay-Vesey Building is perhaps the first large structure, with the exception of the Auditorium Building in Chicago, to carry through a significant scheme of decoration. Doing this, the architects have continued along the line marked out by Richardson, Sullivan, Wright, and

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Goodhue, and, being sincere, they have sloughed off the inanities and insincerities that have so long paraded as classic taste and fine art. The metal work, the grilles at each end of the entrance hall—all these details have been freshly designed. They owe not a little to modern French taste; but, as Americans, we should perhaps remember that French taste itself owes a debt to Louis Sullivan. "The gift is to the giver and comes back most to him"; and I trust that the success of the Barclay-Vesey Building will throw a retrospective ray or two of glory upon the handful of Chicago architects who began, more than thirty years ago, to work toward the same goal.

So much for the good points of this powerful building: its unflinching realism in the mass, its distinguished silhouette, its genial decoration, and, above all, its general vitality of conception, which casts off Gothic pinnacles, Romanesque entrances, or classic peristyles, and faces the world in the naked forms of its own day and place. If the structure and the decoration are at odds—and in a deep sense they are—I do not think that the architects have been wrong in emphasizing, rather than in concealing, the antagonism, although there is much to be said for an abstract ornament, conceived on a rather coarse scale, such as Mr. Eli Kahn has used on some of his loft buildings. In its mass, the Barclay-Vesey Building is undoubtedly stunning; but one should not be stunned by height and scale and straightforward design into forgetting that, as a mass, the nature of the problem curtailed the architects' final success.

Approached from east or west, by street or ferryboat, the building has one annoying defect: it is awry. Not merely is the passage from the supporting parts to the central mass a little too abrupt, but the planes of the upper and lower parts are not in parallel relation. For once, one would have been grateful if the architects had been given the usual New York city block; but instead of a rectangular parallelogram, the Telephone Company acquired one of a short row of blocks whose east and west faces were determined by the slant of the West Street waterfront. Compelled to fill this site to the utmost cubic foot, the architects were powerless to work together the upper and lower masses; and their design, if not ruined, is at least badly spoiled by their sheer lack of elbow room. The site-value of the property must be fabulous; the fact is, it was so high that it frustrated the best architectural use of the site!

The Barclay-Vesey Building is about as good as the architect can do today—business permitting. In a congested city, this freedom doesn't take the architect very far. Is it not a little amusing that three of our most powerful corporations—the Standard Oil Company, the General Motors Corporation, and the New York Telephone Company—should have reduced their respective architects to impotence, and robbed them of their fine effects in the mass, by providing a badly shaped plot, to be filled to the last inch? It is as if even the great powers of industry and finance were not capable of controlling the forces by which they have sprung into being, as if they, too, must submit to the system which they nominally dominate. Each company raises a powerful building—and the giant has a wry neck!

It is not for the sake of any perverse individuality of judgment that I look upon the Barclay-Vesey Building as a formidable but crippled mass, and that I find it more interesting because of its finely humanized interior than because of its stupendous bulk against the skyline of the city. With a little opportunity, the architects of this building could go far; but while ground values and dividends are governing conditions, it is foolish to think that they will have much of an opportunity. All that is fresh and vital in our age is present in this building; all the forces that spoil its freshness and deplete its vitality are there, too. The architects have not tried in their design to disguise the present state of things; still, they have done what art can do to modify it and make it a little more genial to the spirit. Their magistral orchestration of the arts and technologies which are available in a great city was robbed of its full accomplishment by the fact that every resource was at their command—except a little wedge of land at each end of the building. One remembers the gnat in Hans Andersen's fairy tale that ruined an empire. Have we not a wonderful empire?

LEWIS MUMFORD.

The Sedulous Ape

ACCORDING to the tradition of super-features, the moving picture "Shipwrecked" was being given an elaborate "theater presentation." A group of old tars swung in the rigging of an improvised ship singing chanteys. Blond-haired ushers dressed in ultra-marine style went through the audience distributing papier-maché oars which bore printed tribute to the marvels of the show. Others facetiously sprayed the patrons with a new salt water perfume gloriously named for the star of the performance. The atomizers were aquamarine cut in the shape of little boats, and had cost untold sums (See Program). The old salts were shouting in a foggy bass about crows' nests and jibs and booms. I hate nautical jargon. I don't know a cock-pit from a galley. I grew very restive. But the producers would have it that all this presentation stuff puts the audience in the proper receptive mood for the photoplay. This particular film, although it was called "Shipwrecked," had to do with a young couple who foundered on the matrimonial rocks. There wasn't a boat in the whole picture. I looked askance at the blond ushers in their blue tights and their "H. M. S. Pinafore" hats. Elaborate theater presentation indeed! Why, these motion picture people are only half-hearted in their attempts. The next step after dressing up the ushers is dressing up the audience. Imagine saying: "Let me have my pith helmet; I'm off to see 'Chang.'" Or: "My snuff-box, please; I have tickets for 'Don Juan.'" One would have to accumulate quite a wardrobe, chain mail and cuirasses and a ruff or a noose for the neck, according to the dramatic emphasis. I rather fancied myself in an alfalfa skirt for a little thing by Somerset Maugham, or in ecclesiastical scarlet for "The Kentucky Cardinal"—that red hat of Wolsey's in Christ Church kitchen, for instance, always a fascinating head-piece! Of course, the movie moguls wouldn't know that the cardinal is a bird, and not a prelate. They would probably be wondering how he got by the Klan—in Kentucky, too.

Another thing. These press agents who confine them-

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selves to such sophomoric effects as serving Turkish coffee with Sheik pictures ought to wake up to the marvelous idea of fetching the audience to the show in proper vehicles. A neat little ad inserted in the papers: "At 2 P. M. and 8 P. M. daily a chariot will leave the Bronx to convey patrons to 'Ben Hur.'" "Tandems for 'The Rough Riders' to be had at Columbus Circle." "Get aboard the frigate sailing from the Battery for 'Old Ironsides.'" "Don't walk a mile. Get your camel for 'Beau Geste.'" The possibilities are unending: rickshaws for Kipling, stagecoaches for Dickens, broughams for Thackeray, and galleons for Sabatini.

Interpretive dancers were now going through the motions of hoisting sails and swabbing up the decks to the tune of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." The longer the management held back the picture, the more irritated I became. Could it be that I had ever been one of those apostles of the new art of the cinema? Had I prated about potential pictorial splendor? About the new masters who would be sublimates of Shakespeare, representing the dramatic tradition, and of Michelangelo, representing the plastic? I looked up the aisle. No one remotely resembling either Shakespeare or Michelangelo was in sight. Only silly ushers in silly sailor hats for a picture symbolically titled "Shipwrecked." I settled back in despair. People are always asking: "What's the matter with the movies?" And suddenly I knew. The cinema has turned into a sedulous ape, mimicking the manners of the stage; repeating its musical comedy tricks; clinging to vaudevillian variety; living on the fruit of drama and fiction and, like Galsworthy's White Monkey, throwing the sucked rind to hungry audiences.

Creative art? Rank imitation! The screen has become a great cemetery where Broadway successes and best sellers are expensively interred in celluloid. The Hollywood undertakers robe them in gorgeous trappings, but they are skeletons none the less. And the movie men, for all their astuteness, pay fabulous sums for these corpses. The motion picture people, in the beginning, scorned original stories; they decried creative thought; they decried beauty. It is not necessary, said they, that pictures be mentally stimulating, or lovely, or sincere in their exposition of life. It is necessary only that pictures make money. This, at first, their very novelty accomplished, without benefit of brains. Then, as the newness began to wane, producers were forced to resuscitate the drooping box office with the artificial respiration of famous names, both of authors and of stories. And for these devitalized mummies of stage and magazine, they built gilt and marble tombs, rococo mausoleums for the ghosts of the Authors' League Bulletin embalmed with the drugs of sex, sensation and sentimentality.

Perhaps it was the mental suggestion of the word "drugs," or perhaps there really was some hypnotic essence in the briny perfume with which the ushers were spraying the theater, but, at all events, I seemed suddenly to see strange forms flitting across the empty screen. Into view crept a puny creature whom a sub-title established as Creative Art. The chief piece of information offered concerning him was that he was in his infancy. But he wore rather grown-up clothes. He had on the braided coat of the old porter in "The Last Laugh," with the hibiscus flower of "Moana" stuck in his button-hole. On his feet were the unmistakable Chaplin shoes and on his head was the tin hat from "The Big Parade." He moved against the highly imaginative background of "Metropolis."

Close upon Creative Art lumbered The Industry. He was a huge ape vacuously trying to pantomime the printed page which, in sign language, became entirely meaningless. As he walked, he kept growing bigger and better, while Creative Art kept shrinking proportionately. Every once in a while, he would throw out tempting morsels which the puny creature ran after eagerly. But they were always snatched away at the moment they seemed most accessible. At last the sedulous ape lured his prey into the golden glare of Broadway, and did him to death. I cry out noiselessly as one always does in a nightmare—and impotently. Pall-bearers come rollicking up to take away poor little Creative Art. Their haste is unseemly. But they are film stars. Why should they mourn? Creative Art was a pauper, whereas The Industry pays them princely sums for their services.

Accommodatingly, they build a funeral pyre. They heap on the classics. There go "The Scarlet Letter" and the New Testament. But, as I watch, I see that the pyre is really a huge electric sign with incandescent bulbs for flames. Of course, the movies would have to have mechanical fire.

There is music. A funeral dirge. Chopin's perhaps? Or the Dead March from "Saul"? No. Just the usual cue-sheet sent out from one of the companies. It contains selections from Beethoven and Berlin, from Verdi and Von Tilzer, from John Sebastian Bach and Carrie Jacobs Bond, all raucously rendered by that new invention, the talking movie. Poor Creative Art is borne to his last resting place. I protest that this is no fitting place for the ceremony. Like Browning's Grammarian, he should be carried to a loftier spot:

> Leave we the unlettered plain its herds and crops;
> Seek we sepulture
> On a tall mountain, citied to the top,
> Crowded with culture.

Surely, Morningside Heights or the arch of Washington Square would be closer to Parnassus than Broadway, which, even in the wildest flights of fancy, cannot be said to be exactly crowded with culture. The pall-bearers, however, did not get Parnassus. They thought I meant the Paramount Building, but the tower of that huge structure is crowned with a clock, and everyone knows that time is money.

The obituaries in the papers are brief. The Industry has a controlling interest in many of the metropolitan dailies, so no hint is given of foul play. Neither is valuable space wasted on lauding Creative Art or his achievements. Instead, the columns are given over to the details of the magnificent funeral tendered by The Industry. Over a million people took part in the big pyre scene. The blanket of orchids which covered the bier cost a hundred thousand dollars. A suitable monument would be erected —a home for pecunious authors suffering from shock upon paying their income tax returns on motion picture rights.

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The stars who acted as pall-bearers could be seen in "Thus and So" playing at the This and That Theater. The sedulous ape, as chief mourner, made a crêpey speech. He always endeavored, he said, to follow the wishes of the public. If the people wanted funerals, much as he deplored Campbellism, funerals he must give them. He wasn't in business for his health. He asked that the audience watch for the news-reel of the event, which would be shown that night in all the leading theaters.

He faded out. I blinked my eyes. Mirage! After forty-five minutes of being "presented," "Shipwrecked" was on at last. It was set in South Dakota during a drought. There was not even a prairie schooner in the whole film. As reel after reel unwound, however, I blinked my eyes again. There was something startlingly familiar about the story. Who goes there? How now, Horatio? Yes, that was it. Now I had it. Once more I was confronted by the ghost, armed and *cap-á-pie,* of a discarded issue of the Saturday Evening Post.

FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Who Reads the Tabloids?"

SIR: I have read with interest the article "Who Reads the Tabloids?", in your issue of May 25.

It is obvious that the tabloids have gained an enormous total of purchasers daily; and your assumption that these purchasers have been taken almost wholly from the ranks of those who formerly bought no newspapers is undoubtedly true. You sum up the situation as you see it, as follows:

> In other words, the tabloids have gained 1,597,091 while the respectable standard-size papers were losing only 175,000. It is impossible to say, therefore, that the tabloids have made most of their gains at the expense of better journalism.

A truer statement, I submit, is that the tabloids have made none of their gains at the expense of better or the best journalism. It is arguable that the tabloids have raided some of the standard-size newspaper circulations, but the total losses of some 175,000 which you lump together (a faulty method of appraising the facts, I think) have been sustained primarily by those publications which were not unrelated to the tabloids in their journalistic family traits and features. The actual losses of readers were not so many as 175,000; a large part of this total represented duplications. The standard-size New York newspapers which have improved their news service and have appealed to intelligent readers have steadily gone forward. A correct statement of the situation, I submit, is that modern journalism has played both ends against the middle. The better newspapers have grown better and stronger in the appreciation of their public; the other kind have robustly grown worse, reached down and tapped new sources of newspaper purchasers in those who had hitherto bought none. Their poaching on other newspapers' preserves has been upon the middle grade. The fundamental error in the picture you paint lies, I think, in viewing the circulations of the standard-size, or of the "respectable" newspapers, as you describe them, as a composite whole. It is necessary to discriminate.

The Herald Tribune was a successful consolidation; its circulation for the first full six-months period of the consolidation (ending October 1, 1924) was 276,755 copies. For the six months ended March 31, 1927, the Herald Tribune's circulation was 300,610 copies, just topping the 300,000 mark for the first time, a gain in three and one-half years of 33,855 copies.

In the same period, the New York Times has grown to new high record net paid sales, going over the 400,000 mark for the first time in its history, with an average daily and Sunday net paid sale of 414,990 copies, for the six-months period ending March 31, 1927. The Times' net paid average daily and Sunday circulation as reported to the post office department for six-month periods from 1921 has been as follows:

	April 1	*October 1*
1921	352,528	348,607
1922	372,801	356,671
1923	370,266	362,361
1924	378,174	383,005
1925	387,934	382,005
1926	392,695	391,465
1927	414,990	

Before the latest average daily and Sunday sale of 414,990 copies, the high-water mark of the Times had been 393,178 for the six months ended March 31, 1919. It is significant that the great increase in the Times' circulation in 1919 was due not to the interest of readers in war news, but in the Times' full report of the Paris Peace Conference. This gives a clue to the kind of news which attracts intelligent, thinking readers in increasing numbers. Something of a lull in interest—a disillusionment as an aftermath of the War—came in the unsettled years after 1919. But now, for the past three years, the Times has steadily, even rapidly, gained circulation. The increase has been attributed to nothing save the growing interest in complete, accurate, informative news. There is no diminishing public interest in full and trustworthy news, despite the catch-penny appeals to amusement which, under the name of journalism, have attracted so many of the kind of purchasers who seek such distractions. It is illuminating that the Times did not gain one copy of circulation by reason of the "Peaches" Browning story; the interest in Lindbergh's flight brought many thousands of extra sales—on several days the total reached 100,000 over the corresponding days for last year.

It would be the occasion for a much more serious (and more pessimistic) comment by the New Republic if the better newspapers were losing to the tabloids. It is much more reassuring, I believe, to think that the tabloids have developed new newspaper readers; and that the widening and deepening of American popular education, the American common sense, and the American ambitious desire for better things, will in time make of a great many of these newly fledged readers the appreciative purchasers of newspapers which give news about the worth-while things of the world.

You comment also on the advertising significance of the large mass circulations of the tabloids. "Other things being equal," you remark, "these gentlemen [the advertisers] prefer to spend their money in one newspaper with 1,500,000 circulation rather than in ten newspapers with 150,000 each." You go on to say that "to be sure, other things never *are* equal." They are far more unequal than your article would lead the uninitiated to suspect. If there is one well defined trend in the advertising of meritorious products and services, it is in the growing appreciation of the advertising value of quality circulation—intelligence, discrimination and buying power, reader interest and confidence. Advertising which offers less desirable merchandise or services finds its best market among the unintelligent, who may most easily be misled by extravagant, unwarranted claims. The great endeavor of American manufacturers to sell worthy legitimate offerings through advertising increasingly finds its best opportunity in its appeal to intelligent persons through the columns of the highest type of newspapers. It is in quality circulation that advertising waste reaches its lowest point. I shall not cite figures (they are available to all) but merely remark that the Times, in common with other newspapers appealing to intelligent readers, has continued in the six years of the tabloids to grow in advertising volume. I refer you also to the recent speech of O. C. Harn of the Audit Bureau of Circulation before the Association of National Advertisers on the value of quality in circulation.

The better newspapers, far from being "alarmed by their [the tabloids'] mushroom growth," are in a stronger position than ever in circulation and advertising. The only newspapers to be alarmed are those which have offered their readers almost the same kind of journalism. They alone will feel the competition of the newcomers which do their task in a way which we will not term better, but more energetic.

LOUIS WILEY.

New York City.

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The Epic of Decay

The Magic Mountain, by Thomas Mann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Two vols. $6.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, Thomas Mann announced himself, through "Buddenbrooks," as one of the first writers of fiction in Germany and of German prose. Today he belongs unquestionably among the writers whose art and significance are international—Gorky, Rolland, Wassermann, Hamsun, Shaw, to mention only enough to define the group. He is known to American readers through four of his works in translation, published by Mr. Knopf, in which can be clearly marked a movement, common to others of his generation, from realism through impressionism and symbolism to mysticism, from concentration on the objective environment to absorption in the personal life of the conscious and the subconscious. "Buddenbrooks" tells in masterly fashion the story of a commercial family of Lübeck, from the later Napoleonic period down through the nineteenth century. "Royal Highness" is a variation on the Cinderella theme; an American girl, beautiful and rich, but unclassed because of Negro blood, loves and marries the Grand Duke of Grimmburg, and restores the tottering fortunes of the reigning house. "A Death in Venice" is the title story of a volume consisting of three tales relating to the life of the artist. In all these forerunners are to be found anticipations of "The Magic Mountain." In the midst of the detailed fortunes of the Buddenbrooks, commercial transactions, civic functions, family reunions, marriages, dowries, there is a passage in which Thomas, the captain of the slowly sinking ship, has a momentary vision of the meaning of life and the futility of his own experience of it. In "Royal Highness," the institution of the State and its interests is a background ironically treated. "A Death in Venice" is a *Liebestod,* the love of the great writer for a beautiful lad whom he scarcely approaches, mingling its passionate strains with the solemn burden of death. The second of the tales, "Tristan," brings us to the health establishment which is the scene of "The Magic Mountain," and again the themes of love and death are mingled.

"The Magic Mountain" is the story of the experience of Hans Castorp of Hamburg. Before settling to his profession of ship-building, he goes to spend three weeks with his cousin, Joachim Ziemssen, who has been confined for months at the International Sanatorium Berghof, at Davos Platz. In the course of his visit he begins to have fever; a moist spot in the lung is discovered; he stays on and on with others whose will to action is broken, losing all desire to descend to the flat-lands below. His cousin breaks the cursed chain, and goes to join his regiment, to return the next year to die. Hans loves a beautiful Russian woman, but, caught by the spirit of the place, which destroys time, he delays to approach her, and possesses her only the night before her departure. She also returns to the establishment as the mistress of the Dutch magnate, Mynheer Peeperkorn, to leave again when the old man takes his life. Other figures recur, reflecting in their shadowy outline the ghostly character of this preliminary place of the departed. Two resolute antagonists, Signor Settembrini, who represents nineteenth century Liberalism, and its trust in enlightenment and progress, and Herr Naphta, a Jewish Jesuit, who upholds the cause of clerical reaction, appear again and again in wordy duels culminating in an actual encounter in which, true to type, Settembrini fires into the air and Naphta blows out his own brains. Slowly the truth dawns on us that, in the Berghof, Thomas Mann is presenting an allegory of a sick world. It is the "field full of folk" of Piers Plowman, the Heartbreak House of Shaw. It needs the catastrophe of the War to set the imprisoned souls free. Once Hans has a vision of the world of his idea, a youthful Arcadia, "full of beautiful, young creatures, so blithe, so good, so gay, so pleasing to see," all engaged in pleasurable tasks or serious pleasures. And this vision returns for a second, as we see Hans with three thousand other youths struggling forward through boggy ploughland, over human bodies trodden into the mud, amid the bursting of shells, the fire, the filth, the blood, the stench of war. It is the withdrawal from the world of faineant souls to enjoy the luxury of their decay which is paid for at the last.

But it would be a mistake to attribute to "The Magic Mountain" the crudeness of a social morality. Its significance is far wider and more subtle. Its themes enter far more deeply into the hidden places of the individual life. There is, for example, the mystery of time. The three weeks of Hans Castorp's original visit drag slowly by, day after day. He is unhappily conscious of every minute—and yet seven years pass as a tale that is told, or a watch in the night.

> What was one day, taken, for instance, from the moment one sat down to the midday meal to the same moment four-and-twenty hours afterwards? It was, to be sure, four-and-twenty hours—but equally it was the simple sum of nothings. Or take an hour spent in the rest-cure, at the dinner-table, or on the daily walk—and these ways of employing the time-unit practically exhausted its possibilities—what was an hour? Again, nothing. And nothing were all these nothings, they were not serious in the nature of them, taken together. The only unit it was possible to regard with seriousness was the smallest one of all; those seven times sixty seconds during which one held the thermometer between one's lips and continued one's curve—they, indeed, were full of matter and tenacious of life; they could expand into a little eternity. . . .

The loudest challenge to modern art has been offered by science. In great ages of literature, the dominant conceptions of the time have furnished the natural, the unescapable material for expression; but science, which is unquestionably the leading aspect of modern thought, remains highly recalcitrant. A science of society, which is partly metaphoric, furnishes the background for serious fiction and drama, as history did in the earlier nineteenth century—but physical science in its more exact forms tends to elude the artist. Yet in the Berghof, where the physical conditions of life are a matter of daily scrutiny, such analysis seems natural. It is perhaps with a certain irony that Mann mingles scientific fact with emotion.

> Then he, too, stood and wept, tears ran down his cheeks . . . those clear drops flowing in such bitter abundance every hour of our day all over our world, till in sheer poetic justice we have named the earth we live in after them; that alkaline, salty gland-secretion, which is pressed from our system by the nervous stress of acute pain, whether physical or mental. It contained, as Hans Castorp knew, a certain amount of mucin and albumen as well.

Music is the natural medium for the spiritual life in the modern world. It is again with a certain irony that the author, through the Herr Direktor of the Establishment,

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brings to the guests a gramophone. "Newest model, latest triumph of art, A-1, copper-bottomed, Polhymnia patent." To Hans Castorp the gramophone becomes a constant companion. And after all the passionate scenes of opera which he enjoys, it is Schubert's "Lindenbaum" which most closely searches and finds him. It is "Lindenbaum" which he is singing when we last see him in the hell of battle.

And music has a peculiar meaning in that world of decay which has slain action and slain time. "What was the world behind the song, which the motions of his conscience made to seem a world of forbidden love? It was death." Death is the great theme, which in this masterpiece replaces Love as the motive force of fiction. Death is the adversary which is fought with all the resources of science in the Establishment Berghof, and yet death is lord of the life which its inhabitants lead. The health-seekers lose all desire for health; their disease becomes their sin; they exemplify all the beauty of corruption and decay; they are death seekers. And the peculiar relation of death and life is symbolized by music, by the simplest *lied:*

> This was a fruit, sound and splendid enough for the instant or so, yet extraordinarily prone to decay; the purest refreshment of the spirit, if enjoyed at the right moment, but the next, capable of spreading decay and corruption among men. It was the fruit of life, conceived of death, pregnant of dissolution. . . . Ah, it was worth dying for, the enchanted *lied*! But he who died for it, died indeed no longer for it; was a hero only because he died for the new, the new word of love and the future that whispered in his heart.

The central theme of "The Magic Mountain" has been treated with the simplicity of earlier ages—from the Tannhäuser legend to De Quincey's "Confessions." Here in the modern world in which it has social meaning it comes to a full symphonic utterance that is grandiose in its scope, tumultuous and overwhelming in intensity. It is a matter of gratitude that Mrs. Porter, in her translation, whatever the defects for which she apologizes, has caught in some measure these great qualities of a masterpiece.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

A Turbulent Stream

Main Currents in American Thought, by Vernon L. Parrington. Two vols. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 906 pages. $8.

THE virtues and defects of these volumes are the virtues and defects natural to a work that is the result of freshness of approach, vigor of treatment and vivacity of manner. In the foreword to the first volume, Mr. Parrington says that he offers his findings with some temerity. The confession is hardly needed, for he seems to have written in alternations of gay and sober confidence, with most zest when challenging old interpretations or expounding new pertinences, and with never a doubt as to the security of his own conclusions. Politics, theology, economics, philosophy, literature are all one to him. He knows their principles and feels their relations. He has read widely and deeply and thought solidly. To admit temerity implies a misgiving and suggests timidity. If he ever felt the latter, it must have been only at the moment of confession, for there is no sign of hesitancy as he hews, strides, careers and occasionally romps through the intricacies of his subject. He throws all professional caution to the winds.

This mood makes for effective phrasing, and there is plenty of it, especially in the personal characterizations: Samuel Peters, of Revolutionary fame, "possessed of all the arrogance of a lord and all the ostentation of a brewer . . . was scarcely the man to serve the Connecticut laity with due Christian humility." Nathaniel Beverley Tucker "tucked the horizons of Virginia about him like a Hudson Bay blanket and defied the cold winds of the North." William Gilmore Simms' stories "flow as generously as his Jamaica rum. He is a geyser of invention, an abundant sea of salty speech." Robert Treat Paine, Jr., "seized upon, and as it were raped by fame, was the last of the eighteenth century wits, the most dashing product of a generation that patched its verse with tags of the classics and called it lisping in numbers." The single-minded John Humphry Noyes "would not strain at gnats and swallow camels, but he rejected the camels first and then proposed to get rid of the gnats." Or, in broader generalization, "When the Yankee was driven by brutal fact to admit that he was his brother's keeper, he usually took care to get a few honest pennies out of his brother's board and lodging."

Writing as a vigorous liberal and a moderate skeptic about the validity of long-established reputations, Mr. Parrington, with his liking for a good phrase, puts the seasoned reader a little on guard. He is a gay buck at a formal assembly. One would not have him tone down the dressing of his thoughts. There are already too many thousand academic pages in dog-eared cap and dingy gown. But one watches a little. The author means to be fair to the Puritans, to whom he devotes his first two hundred and fifty pages. He won't damn them with either abuse or faint praise. But there is a touch of malevolence in his gibes at the Mathers and Samuel Sewall and all their successors down to Jonathan Edwards and Timothy Dwight. It betrays itself, for example, in his allusion to Edwards as a "profoundly revolutionary influence" by way of disparagement to Dwight, in spite of his conclusion in the chapter on Edwards that "it was his fate to devote his noble gifts to reimprisoning the mind of New England." He understands the Puritans as a class, but any one of them at close range evidently gets on his nerves.

Mr. Parrington has combined an impressive amount of careful industry with all his *verve* and gaiety, so much so that, as the stream of American thought is filled from various tributaries, he sometimes confuses the main currents with chance eddies and back-waters. For this reason, the most lucid part of the work is the earlier portion. His treatment of the "Puritan Heritage" and the "Twilight of the Oligarchy" has not been surpassed. The chapters on the "Awakening of the Colonial Mind" are hardly less effective. The discussion of the "Agrarian Defeat" and the complete launching of the political democracy bring the first volume to a successful close.

But with the full tide of the nineteenth century surging toward the sea of the present, the treatment loses unity as a whole. Several times the reader is carried down the decades only to be taken back for fresh starts. Perhaps this is unavoidable in a four-hundred-page treatment of two generations in American life. But an independence in selection and particularly in rejection of material, equal to the independence in interpretation which prevails throughout the book, would have contributed much to the firmness of the total impression. If Augustus Longstreet is as negligible as Mr. Parrington maintains—and Mr. Wade's recent book did not convince me to the contrary—he might have been omitted or reduced to a parenthesis instead of being discussed and discounted at length. In many such an instance

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Mr. Parrington has been unwilling to hold his knowledge or his opinion in reserve.

On the whole, he has shown a surprising disregard for the importance of the frontier as introduced to history by F. J. Turner and pursued through literature by Mr. Rusk, Miss Dondore and Mrs. Hazard. And, very surprisingly for a specialist in literature, he has shown far more interest in the economic interpretation of history and the political interpretation of literature than in the significance of the growth of cultural tastes *per se*. It is for this reason, no doubt, that he dismisses Poe with the statement that his "problem" lies quite outside the main currents of American thought. This is true of his problem as far as this is a matter of "abnormal psychology"; but it is not true of the man who for fifteen years was the outstanding literary critic in the country. Even less attention is paid the magazines Poe wrote for than is paid Poe; and to art and architecture, and music and the theater. Much of the space persistently and sometimes iteratively devoted to political doctrine might well have been yielded to these evidences of the direction of popular thought and taste.

Yet, in the large, Mr. Parrington's undertaking is an impressive one, impressively carried out through two of the three announced volumes. It does not need current report to reveal that it has been a work of years. No book of such substance and such sustained quality could have been turned out in short order or under high pressure. And it is a striking fact that, started so long ago, it should have come to the public in this day; for it takes its place worthily in the ranks of the various broad surveys of history, philosophy, science, religion and literature which are a significant sign of the times. On which account, it is much more likely to receive the attention it deserves than it would have been before the arrival of the contemporary reading public which was developing as the book was being written.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

An Outmoded Classic

The Mystic Rose; A Study of Primitive Marriage, by A. E. Crawley; revised and greatly enlarged by Theodore Besterman. New York: Boni and Liveright. Two vols. 715 pages. $10.

WHEN the first edition of "The Mystic Rose" was published, just a quarter of a century ago, "The Golden Bough" was twelve years old and Westermarck's "History of Human Marriage" eleven. Crawley's work is probably not so great as either of these; but it was written under their influence and in their tradition—if two books so different in tone and form can be said to hold a tradition in common. Like them, "The Mystic Rose" has become a classic during these intervening years. Attracted partly by its esoteric title with its promise of awful revelations, partly by its monumental size (though it is the smallest of the three), and partly by its show of tremendous erudition and authenticity, readers who would have overlooked less portentous volumes have been drawn to its pages.

These qualities it still retains. Indeed, they are heightened rather than diminished by the passage of time. In a quarter of a century the science of anthropology has become prosy. Research has multiplied; but it is now confined chiefly to the endless succession of reports of the Bureau of Ethnology, the American Museum and similar agencies. Meanwhile, the volumes intended for the non-professional public have become slighter and easier—mere popularizations, no longer holding out the lure of dreadful mystery. That peculiar combination of cosmic interest, eclectic erudition and a polished English style, subtle and ironic, of which "The Golden Bough" is our finest example, is no longer to be found. The new edition of "The Mystic Rose" has no competitor among recent publications—except the recent abridged edition of "The Golden Bough."

The reason for this is not, of course, the inferiority of the modern intellect. These works have been scientifically outmoded. Anthropologists no longer present us with solutions of the inmost secrets of the "sexual taboo," simply and solely because they no longer hunt for any such thing. Except in France, they no longer assume the existence of a peculiar "primitive mental habit" such as Crawley made the object of his interest, nor spend years in searching for the reason for "the very general custom" of this or that. "Very general customs" are nowadays regarded with extreme suspicion. Modern anthropologists have lost interest in the monumental labors of Frazer and Crawley, chiefly because they have lost all conviction of the reality of their problems. There may be a large public which is still interested to know what mysterious relation can be imagined between sexual avoidances, primitive table manners and contagious magic; but it is not a scientific public.

To throw doubt on the reality of the scholarship of such works as this is not a gracious task, perhaps; but it is only too easy after even the most superficial examination. For example, the book contains a tremendous bibliography into which many modern British works have been inserted; but it is quite innocent of a whole generation of American research—and that certainly not the least of our contributions to scientific knowledge. Running through it quickly, we find a citation of that great American scientist, Hermann (*sic*) Melville; we find a reference to two works of Dr. Boas published in 1888 and 1895 respectively; we find one Morton Prince cited as the author of an article published in 1898. On page 61 of Volume I, we find a reference in the brackets of Mr. Besterman to "a school of American anthropologists" for which his authority is a book on religious psychology by a professor of philosophy. Such work is not going to gain scientific friends in these longitudes!

But such criticism is irrelevant. "The Mystic Rose" is not a scientific work; it is a work of the imagination. As such, it is readable, interesting, suggestive. As such it will be read by many people who shun the Bureau of Ethnology as they do the morgue—and I venture to think that it will do them good. At the very least, they will learn to expect magic everywhere, and to see superstition in every gesture of decorum.

C. E. AYRES.

The Virtuous Terrorist

The Fall of Robespierre and Other Essays, by Albert Mathiez. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 249 pages. $4.

PROFESSOR Mathiez is a Robespierrist. The statement will not cause a single pulse in America to beat faster. In France it is different, for, practically without exception, every apologist of Robespierre, while ostensibly engaged in administering a lustral bath to the presiding genius of the Terror, is at heart much more concerned with exalting the particular view of government identified with "the Incorruptible." Robespierre, the devoted follower of Rousseau, believed that he possessed the recipe for a variety of state capable of effecting the final and perfect organization of the human race. He developed his idea in eloquent speeches before the Convention, and still more often in the more congenial precincts of the Jacobin Club. The goal

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of all political effort, already almost in view, was the republic founded on virtue. But what was virtue? A mere detail which, in the crash and uproar of the Revolution, there was no time to consider. Therefore, properly enough, the decision was left to Robespierre as the visible embodiment of all the virtues, with the result that the Girondists, Hébertists, and Dantonists in turn were weighed in his moral scales and found wanting. On the eighth of Thermidor of the Year II he made an elaborate display of his weighing machinery before the Convention, in preparation, as he announced with characteristic acerbity, for determining the moral index figure of his colleagues of the Committee of Public Safety. In sudden fear for their lives, they made a wild rush at him and, somewhat to their own surprise, pushed him all the way to the guillotine. Then, to crown their triumph, they set up a bourgeois government which, pursuing proximate, practical ends, anxiously sought to bring itself into conformity with the low moral state of the average sensual Frenchman. With a few changes, largely decorative, at the top, the new or Thermidorian form of government has flourished ever since in France, and, for that matter, throughout the occidental world. As one of the most indisputable facts of the nineteenth century, it has received the benefit of abundant and relatively uniform theoretical formulation. Therein, in sharp contrast to the Rousseau-Robespierre view of man and his state as unalterable, absolute values, is emphasized the inconstant historical nature of man and the purely experimental character of his institutions.

However, in order to get into the right relation to Professor Mathiez' book, we should remember that the author, in addition to being a Robespierrist, is also, and perhaps primarily in his own eyes, a well trained professional historian. Taken at their face value, the twelve studies constituting this volume are minute investigations dealing either with Robespierre's activities during his last phase or with his relations to friends and enemies. Admittedly dedicated to the end of restoring his reputation to its pristine purity, they are nevertheless so solidly built up on new or reinterpreted documentary evidence, that they constrain the reader to an attitude of consistent respect. And, indeed, the dead Robespierre was so shamelessly calumniated by Collot, Billaud, Fouché, and the other profligates and profiteers who effected his overthrow, that any historian or individual worth his salt will rejoice at the correction of misstatements become, through parrot-like repetition by textbook-makers, legendary and even sacrosanct. In this work of historical vindication, Professor Mathiez merely continues a notable service begun over half a century ago by Hamel. Let us concede that each point made is in itself rather trivial: Robespierre did not invent the cult of the Supreme Being; he was not an intimate of, and therefore not responsible for, the ferocious prosecuting attorney, Fouquier-Tinville; it was solely from a sense of guilt that the vicious element of the governing committees intrigued against him; he did not prove himself a quaking coward when the crisis came—these and other affirmations are, if not always successfully sustained, at least argued with vigor on the strength of fresh evidence laboriously excavated from the archives. But even should we—which would be generous—concede that the author has corrected a not unimportant series of minor misrepresentations, does it follow that the total impression left by Robespierre as an actor in the revolutionary drama is materially altered? For this reviewer, at least, nothing essential has been changed. After, as before, this plea, Robespierre appears as the same mean and mediocre individual, whose undoubted personal honesty was a merit in a corrupt world, but whom neither his pure morals nor his attachment to political principle could fill with the abounding sap of life. Whenever he opens his mouth to speak, the hearer detects the metallic rattle of the inner clockwork which drives the organism. It is a clever imitation of life, but it is not the real thing. Except in the author and a small group of like-minded theorists, Robespierre is not able to excite the emotions elicited by flesh-and-blood humanity, elicited, for example, by those genial contemporaries and rivals, infinitely beneath him in conventional morality, Mirabeau and Danton. To make a hero of this man of sawdust, Professor Mathiez had to practise on himself a little mental sleight of hand; he had to elevate the little strutting pontiff of the Supreme Being to a symbol, and identify him with the world-old Utopian dream of a republic of equals which shall at last write *finis* to the strife and misery of our human lot.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL.

Two Books on Jazz

Jazz, by Paul Whiteman and Mary Margaret McBride. New York: J. H. Sears and Company. 298 pages. $3.
So This Is Jazz, by Henry O. Osgood. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 258 pages. $3.

JAZZ is only jazz, yet one who proposes to attack, defend, or otherwise discuss it should none the less formulate, and then stick to, one clear definition. Mr. Whiteman, however, successively defines it as (a) "unacademic counterpoint," or melodic matter; (b) as the marking of the broken ragtime rhythm; (c) as "instrumental effects," or tone-color; (d) as a *method,* applied alike to melody, rhythm and timbres; and, having with this last approached the truth, he throws all back into the wildest confusion by the following extraordinary pronouncement:

> The best way I have found to differentiate between ragtime, blues and jazz is to indicate each by a line. The ragtime line is jerky. Blues has a long, easy line and the jazz line rises to a point.

One is left helplessly wondering how, by means of a line or otherwise, a three-fold *method* (if such is jazz) is to be "differentiated" from a peculiar *rhythm* (like ragtime), and a type of song (like the blues) which constantly employs both ragtime and jazz. Mr. Osgood, on the other hand, first quotes a clear, concise and erroneous definition by Mr. Virgil Thomson, pronouncing it "truth, every word of it"; then contradicts *seriatim* its various elements, and at last concludes, "It is the spirit of the music . . ."—as hasty a retreat from an exposed, but at least definite, position, as I recall. This sort of thing, so common in the literature of this subject, makes it unreasonably difficult to tell what the writers are talking about. Mr. Whiteman gives an analysis of some value—but matched, at least, by Mr. Osgood's—of the make-up of the modern jazz orchestra and the means by which it achieves some of its special effects. He deserves thanks for giving a history of his own organization; it is the most famous of its kind, and its history is in large part that of all the pioneer jazzists. But, for the rest, the volume consists of pictures, pictures, reminiscences for the fans, the excuses for second-story work among the classics, which recently brought out Mr. Ernest Newman's avenging meat-axe, and such incredible apologies as:

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> When they [his audience] . . . seemed pleased with "Livery Stable Blues," the crude jazz of the past, I had for a moment the panicky feeling . . . that they were ignorantly applauding the thing on its merits.
>
> What folk-song would have amounted to anything if some great writer had not put it into a symphony?

Mr. Osgood's often laborious facetiousness is possibly due to a sense of being on a slumming trip. It may irritate others less than it does me; at any rate, of the two books under discussion his is infinitely the more useful. His analysis of Gershwin's larger works, his treatise on orchestration, his critical survey of the concert repertoire, are solid additions to the very small existing library on jazz. The volume is crammed with hearsay, clippings from reviews, compilations of rumors as to who started the thing and who named it; but it is well to have all this between two covers. Space is lacking for explicit disagreement with some of Mr. Osgood's more important assertions, but it should be said that "Alexander's Ragtime Band" is not jazz; "Chasing Rainbows" is jazz only in the "sweetest" sense (Mr. Osgood leans toward "sweet," or denatured and house-broken jazz); neither all nor most of W. C. Handy's tunes are based on folk-songs; Irving Berlin's given name was Israel, not Isadore; Jerome Kern—misleading song-titles to the contrary notwithstanding—never wrote or attempted to write blues. Yet such errors do not vitiate the soundness of much of Mr. Osgood's work. In particular, it should be mentioned that Mr. Osgood can discriminate between what has vitality and what has not, a fact demonstrated by his sincere if grudging praise of the "hot" jazz of Ted Lewis, his cheer—where few are to be heard—for Gershwin's work in the operetta, "One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street," and his estimate of the various attempts of the musically well bred to reach down to jazz or to pull it up.

ABBE NILES.

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